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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Cease Firing

PREACHERS, lecturers, editorial writers, essayists, and all others who reprove or instruct the public, should be made to read three recent books: Mark Sullivan's "Our Times: The Turn of the Century, 1900-1904," Don Seitz's, "The Dreadful Decade" (1870-1880), and Thomas Beer's, "The Mauve Decade" (1890-1900). There, in a period which with the preliminaries and continuations stretches from the end of the Civil War to the openings of the new century, they will find historically described and ruthlessly analyzed the only "good old times" which exist in the memory of living Americans. They will find in these books a panorama of that age of virtue, morality, prudence, family solidarity, pioneer ruggedness, simplicity, reverence, and piety which is the background against which every moralist paints his lurid pictures of today. This is the golden age of the older generations, this is America before children were allowed to run wild, before millionaires became as plentiful as blackberries, before the cocktail became the national drink, before free and easy divorce, before fourteen dollars a day for bricklayers, when everyone still went to church, when fiction was as clean as a glass of ice water.

Those who read will learn, in Don Seitz's terse indictment, of such corruption and rascality in high places as could scarcely be duplicated today, of a smug public complacency in the presence of gross immorality, of wholesale peculation and unbridled egotism. They will read in Thomas Beer a record of pose and growing futility, small men pretending to be great, dull prejudice masking as principle. They will discover, in Mark Sullivan's cool and balanced pages, evidence of inefficiency and gullibility on a vast scale. They will conclude that the vices most popular today were more popular and more brutal in the last century, and they will find their only solace in a certain rough vigor not now so evident, and a shut-eye, shut-ear ignorance among the happy good which they may be foolish enough to prefer to the less happy but more intelligent awareness of this age.

If we are going to have a sweeter literature and a cleaner stage, they will never come by way of the sentimental morality of the latter nineteenth century where life-as-it-was and life-as-you-should-see-it were kept in separate volumes. If we are going to have more effective education, it will not be in a revival of the old-fashioned college with its eighteenth century curriculum, where there was just as much loafing as today and probably more waste effort. If we are going to recover from our dose of too much prosperity, the strenuous scramble for everything movable which characterized the whole period after the Civil War and is continued in the curious modern delusion that only go-getters are successful, has got to give way to something less, not more, like the past. It is conceivable that the irreverent youngsters of today may become more truly religious than their lip-serving fathers. It is possible that a lazy leisure class, subsisting on accumulated profits without trying to make more, may save us from the approaching nervous breakdown of American business life. It is not improbable that when the Prohibition experiment gives way to a new struggle for Temperance, that this gin-drinking, auto-running generation may learn how to seek pleasure in a civilized fashion, which was an accomplishment rare among their ancestors.

When that crew of hypocritical platitudes, "the good old times," "the virtues of our fathers," "original Americanism," are thrown overboard, we may begin to refit The Ship of State, which has the same old gear that Longfellow described, although the winds are different and the ocean new.

Of course, books like these will do anyone good who will meditate upon the facts they contain, but they are especially valuable for easy generalizers and that increasing class who by print, or by radio, are publicly ignorant day by day and night by night. They will abash the wicked who think that they have reached a bad eminence in our own times, and make the professionally virtuous think twice before they urge us to turn back the clock of history.

On This Condition

By SISTER M. MALALEVA

OH, do I love you? Yes, to be brief and plain.
But from my window, if the day is clear,
See that far mountain, lonely and austere,
Flush into gradual wonder, where has lain
Passionless, pallid snow. Almost like pain
Rose-splendid radiance wraps it in beauty sheer
As the sun kisses it—wait, wait, my dear—
And passing, leaves it virgin white again.

When we have reached those heights of calm surrender
Where white integrity and love are one,
Then you may compass me with utter splendor,
Nor shall we need to wish our joy undone;
Then you may kiss me, love, or tense or tender;
Then you may shine on me, being my sun.

This Week

"Essays in Biography." Reviewed by *Richard Aldington.*

"Fathers of the Revolution." Reviewed by *Claude G. Bowers.*

"New England in the Republic." Reviewd by *W. A. Robinson.*

"Winnowed Wisdom." Reviewed by *Amy Loveman.*

"The Commercial Side of Literature." Reviewed by *Ann Watkins.*

"The Rise of Modern Industry." Reviewed by *Harold J. Laski.*

"Creative Freedom." Reviewed by *L. C. Ham.*

"Whither England?" "Whither Russia?" Reviewed by *William MacDonald.*

"Memoirs of Halide Edib." Reviewed by *Helen McAfee.*

"Turbott Wolfe." Reviewed by *Louis Kronenberger.*

"Mantrap." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

Next Week, or Later

Americana Rampant. By *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

Stuart P. Sherman

By MARY M. COLUM

ALTHOUGH Stuart Sherman is not a new voice in criticism, he is a new sort of voice in American criticism which has spent so much of itself in yearning over the gods of Europe. He is not much concerned with Europe, except and so far as it abuts, so to speak, on America. He does, of course, occasionally write about European authors, but he, somehow, writes about them in a provincial sort of way which reminds one of nothing so much as the Chinese manner of depicting a lion, or the Japanese manner of depicting a shamrock as the leaf of a wide-spreading tree. He does not really know how to measure them up, and, with the whole Rocky Mountains to his back, supporting his spine, as it were, and keeping it from bending, he decides that Sinclair Lewis is better than Flaubert, or as good, anyway. Starting out as a critic without any particular literary principles, except the conventional academic ones, he carried into both life and literature two strong prejudices—a prejudice against the alien-minded and a prejudice in favor of the Puritan, and with a firm conviction that these two sorts of people were peculiar to America.

The Puritan and the alien-minded are, of course, indigenous to every healthy country, and they affect the rest of the population as does a catfish in a tank the other fish—they keep them on the move all the time. In other countries, as a matter of fact, the Puritans are far more puritanical and the aliens more alien-minded, but both stand in a peculiar relation to American life. In the old countries the Puritan is merely an ascetic or a suppressed sensualist, who, although he makes himself strongly felt in the general life of the country, is rarely very vocal; he belongs to whatever branch of the Christian religion the majority of his countrymen adhere to, and he is commonly of the middle-classes, for neither the peasantry nor the aristocracy have much stomach for being ascetics or suppressed sensualists. But here in America the Puritan is a different creature altogether. Because the Pilgrim Fathers were Puritans, Puritanism does duty for an aristocracy. The Puritan Fathers have to play the rôle that in England is played by the Norman conquerors—the rôle of supplying pedigrees and ancestors to the upper classes, and puritanism in some form or another supplies the incitement for Jingoism and hundred-per-cent patriotism which monarchies and imperialism do in other countries. The alien-minded in this country are mostly foreigners, while the alien-minded in old countries are native sons who, with soured and disillusioned dispositions, or else critical and enfranchised intellects, keep the traditions, civilization, and government of their country all the time under the fire of censorious observation.

Mr. Sherman carried his two prejudices everywhere with him until he got tremendously confused himself as to what they really were and where they were leading him. He finally cleared his mind about the puritan by writing an essay called "What is a Puritan?" in which he included as puritans every sort of person that he really liked, such as Christ, Buddha, Socrates, Zeno, Confucius, and the first monkey who decided to walk upright on his hind-legs. He published this in 1924. The essay might almost as well have been called "What is a Nordic?" "What is a Celt?"—I have read essays on both these subjects which contained exactly the

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same arguments and almost exactly the same examples. In the previous year he had published an essay entitled "Mr. Mencken, the Jeune Fille, and the New Spirit in Letters," in which he writes out his feelings about the alien-minded. He got equally confused here, and he attacked people who were as genuine Americans as himself, if of somewhat different racial sympathies, and he turned off an untidy jumble of disordered ideas and shot a few pointless arrows in the air. Having delivered himself of these two essays, he somewhat seemed to have lost the more virile if more splenetic side of his prejudices, and, as literary editor of *The Herald-Tribune*, he has evolved into a critic so fair-minded, so sympathetic to every manifestation of talent, that at the present time he is one of the most unprejudiced of American critics.

His pair of biases made him the butt of many of our intellectuals, but it always seemed to me that a very good case could be made for them in a country which intellectually had not yet learned to stand on its own legs. If he had elevated his prejudices into a sort of principle and a sort of philosophy instead of almost making them a plea for Colonialism, a very great deal indeed could be said for them. Had he been quite definitely anti-European, quite definitely an isolationist, he would have been a very powerful influence in contemporary American letters for he would have been the intellectual leader of an instinctive national movement which, at present, has no leadership.

We have the curious spectacle in this country of the intellectuals mocking at the crude and awkward efforts of the people to shake off their spiritual and intellectual dependency upon Europe. The blind instinct of the people is all making for the same goal—the anti-emigration laws passed by the lawmakers, the interest in everything genuinely American, from early American furniture to the great personalities the country has produced—even to the formation of the Ku Klux Klan and the determined attempts of politicians to isolate the country from Europe—ignorant and vicious some of the manifestations of the instinct may be, but the instinct itself is sound and splendid. It is the pitiful plight of the country that the very men who ought to be its leaders in this movement are so meagre, emotionally and psychically, that they are behindhand rather than in advance of the people. There is nothing meagre, emotionally or psychically, about Stuart Sherman, but he lacked the power to intellectualize an instinct in himself which was the instinctive feeling of large masses of the people, or perhaps it was that he allowed himself to be intimidated by the hostile criticism of the cosmopolitan-minded.

There is about him the air of an intellectual leader far more than the air of a purely literary critic, and perhaps for the sake of being an unprejudiced critic he lost his chance of being a powerful intellectual leader by turning his back on his prejudices. For the leader, whether an intellectual or a Mussolini, is the man who has the power to intellectualize in himself the desires of the people, and who has the force to satisfy and to drive others to satisfy these desires. As a purely literary critic, Mr. Sherman has two perilous ideas which inform every article in his new book, "Critical Woodcuts"*—one of these is that it is the function of the critic to be engaged in the quest of the "Good Life," and the other is that he has to justify literature to the average man as a utility which is capable of assisting him in the performance of his duties. The first he took over partly from Matthew Arnold and partly from the old Latin philosophers and orators. Now a critic cannot set out with the consciousness that he is in search of the "Good Life" without getting himself inextricably involved in moral laws, and the moral laws are often merely regulations invented for the convenient conduct of life. When a critic gets himself involved in what is merely convenient his search for reality becomes seriously impeded. The second idea, that of justifying literature as a utility to the average man is really dependent on the first. It may be the business of priests, politicians, and law-makers to consider the average man, for they can justify what they profess as a utility which will help him in the performance of his duties, but the less literature considers him, the better for both. I fear seriously that the record literature has for making the average man forget his duties is greater than its record for helping him in the performance of them.

*Critical Woodcuts. By Stuart P. Sherman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $2.50.

As a literary critic, Stuart Sherman has however, one great quality without which criticism is merely a sort of æsthetic grammar and with which it can include all the qualities which are in high poetry and high philosophy—this is a profound response to life and a profound interest in it, so that his criticism, even when it is poorest as an evaluation of literature, and even when the literature it evaluates is of as poor a quality as Don Marquis's poetry, has a richness of thought and feeling which give him the air of the great critics. Much of the literature on which he wastes his rich feeling for life will not live as long as its authors. Of this he is well aware, for he explains in his preface to "Critical Woodcuts" that, after all, his business in writing his weekly article, is to be a commentator on the passing-show. The best of all ways for a journal to achieve a high critical standard is to have the same critic week by week write out his opinions on literature. This is what Stuart Sherman does in *The Herald-Tribune*, and "Critical Woodcuts" is a re-print of his critical articles. It is hard to believe that a collection of weekly articles by any other contemporary critic could stand up against these without suffering.

Of course the defects of "Critical Woodcuts" stand out clearly enough: Stuart Sherman has but little sense of artistry; it is often a defect of Anglo-Saxon, as opposed to Continental, criticism, that critics have either no sense of artistry, or merely a sense of artistry and no sense of life; he has, perhaps, but little understanding of poetry; he confounds vigor and clarity too often with distinction. But, in the last analysis, he knows the first and most important thing about a book—Is it alive? And very few people know that. The literary reviews are full of appreciative notices of books that are not only dead to start with because they come out of dead souls, but are deadening to their readers. He may not bother greatly in his literary causerie about how long the writers he deals with are going to live, but all of them are alive with at least the life of the rose—*l'espace d'un matin*. In addition, he has that sort of vital scholarship which, without being finicky, is rich enough and extensive enough for the practice of criticism. I am old-fashioned enough to believe the practice of that no one can be a good critic of literature in English without a certain training in Greek and Roman literature, particularly in Latin, the language of clarity and criticism, and without that sort of knowledge of English literature which embraces the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle as well as Oscar Wilde, and Piers Plowman and Grammer Gurton's Needle as well as the "Waste Land" and "Ulysses." Few of the critics writing in America have this sort of scholarship, and it is very distinctively Stuart Sherman's.

Character Studies

ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY. By Bonamy Dobrée. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926.

Reviewed by Richard Aldington
Author of "Voltaire"

MR. DOBRÉE'S new book is undoubtedly the best he has written, and raises considerable hopes of further rapid advances. After a certain amount of hesitation and abortive experiment, Mr. Dobrée settled down to interpret that period of English literature which begins roughly with the Restoration of King Charles and gradually evolves into the Augustans and their successors. The dramatic literature of this age is particularly interesting and badly needed a new and intelligent reinterpretation. One has to read Mr. Dobrée's critical forerunners to estimate justly the great advance in comprehension and intelligent exposition of his "Restoration Comedy." Mr. Dobrée has made intelligible as men and respectable as artists a body of English dramatists who too often have been regarded as a regrettable incident in our literature, depraved monsters who dabbled delightedly in vice, and wrote for the sole purpose of extending the ancient and honorable company of cuckolds. Mr. Dobrée has made it unnecessary for future historians and critics to expend moral indignation on the Restoration dramatists. And he achieved this desirable end by quite exceptional gifts of sympathy and intelligence.

His "Essays in Biography" desert the comparatively austere paths of criticism for the open fields of biography, which daily attract potential novelists who feel ill at ease both in the popular novel and in the highly-specialized novel of the intellectuals. Biography, as it is understood at present, provides quite exceptional opportunities for imagination, character-study, and distinguished writing. A neat frame and a central figure are ready provided, the plot is all ready to hand, numerous subsidiary figures pop in and out of the story, human nature is revealed not as the masses think it ought to be but as it is. Treated solemnly or pedantically this material can be made extremely boring; but in the hands of writers like Mr. Dobrée, who possess all the gifts of the imaginative writer, it can be transmuted into the most attractive and readable of books. Conscientious scholars may feel inclined to disparage such work as the mere pastime of talented amateurs. I think they will be wrong to do so. I look upon writers like Mr. Dobrée as the justification for the labors of many hundreds of patient researchers and scholars in many countries and many "fields," as they love to call their studies. One of our intellectual problems is to make accessible and engaging some at least of the vast mass that is known. It is obviously a very considerable advance from the polite essay-writer of the old type, who really was an amateur *bombinans in vacuo*, to the modern essayist and biographer like Mr. Dobrée, who is keenly aware of the results of expert research and makes the fullest use of it. In saying this, I do not mean to disparage Mr. Dobrée's scholarship. As his text and bibliographies show, he has been careful to go to original sources; but in his critical use of material Mr. Dobrée is obviously influenced by the standards exacted by specialists and university researchers.

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All this is perhaps too solemn an introduction to Mr. Dobrée's light-hearted and witty character-studies of Etherege, Vanbrugh, and Addison. But the fact that they are as delightful to read as a good novel does not prevent them from having the solid groundwork of good scholarship. So far as I am aware, Mr. Dobrée is rigidly accurate in his facts; he scores heavily over the "mere" scholar by his original and entertaining way of presenting them. He has studied in the school of French biographers of the best sort, and, like Mr. Lytton Strachey before him, has learned that lucidity, neatness, gaiety, and wit need not be excluded from the biographer's mentality. Any painstaking student can produce an accurate biography, but very considerable talents are needed to combine accuracy, entertainment, and insight. Mr. Dobrée's insight into character is even more remarkable than his "amusive" style. If he has acted on Voltaire's advice to "conceal the austerities of his matter with garlands of flowers," he has always been keenly aware that the exposition of character is the very core of the biographer's art. It is not sufficient to write playfully and discursively around a multitude of carefully gathered facts, as M. Emile Magne does. The biographer needs something of Sainte-Beuve's tact and insight.

Opinion is at present divided as to whether Mr. Dobrée's "Vanbrugh" or "Addison" is the best thing he has done. The "Vanbrugh" is certainly an admirable exposition of the architect-playwright and of his long sufferings at the hands of the Duchess of Marlborough. The character emerges boldly from its surroundings and so definite a picture of Vanbrugh is drawn that the writers of recent centenary articles on Vanbrugh could do little but write variations on Mr. Dobrée's essay. Yet I think the "Addison" an even more triumphant success, because a national figure is stripped of its cautious hypocrisy and exposed in its true nature. Addison posed as the *honnête homme* of his age, and generations of short-sighted commentators have accepted the pose and have erected Addison into a model of virtuous sensibility and achievement—"see how a Christian can die!" But, as Mr. Dobrée so dextrously shows, Addison was not really a good man, he was only a cautious man, a prototype of the Victorian hypocrite. Compared with poor harum-scarum Dick Steele, Addison seems the very epitome of smug prudence. He discovered and taught that self-interested prudence pays and that generous impulse and careless good-nature lead to empty pockets and broken hearts. Matthew Arnold has pointed out the superficiality of Addison as a moralist. He was in fact a charming light essayist who usurped a position far beyond his just deserts and dared to lay down the law to Pope. The type is tenacious of life and several epochs of English literature provide us with the spectacle of sham Addisons aspiring to literary dictatorship.

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A Glittering Book

FATHERS OF THE REVOLUTION. By PHILIP GUEDALLA. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by CLAUDE G. BOWERS
Author of "Jefferson and Hamilton"

THE admirers of the style of the author of "The Second Empire" will be delighted with the scintillating phrases and the epigrammatic smartness of his "Fathers of the Revolution," but the portraits presented suffer in fidelity from this very cleverness in expression, and the author's interpretation of the Revolution is far from convincing. In the light of this interpretation, the Revolution seems a foolish thing into which the contestants strayed a bit listlessly. Here we have the event ascribed to the vanity of a monarch obsessed with a passion for his prerogatives, the complacency of an easy-going premier, and the fact that through the exigencies of politics all the English parties had been manœuvered at some time or other into commitments against the American position. It seems, too, that the turbulent spirit in England manifested in the Wilkes demonstrations led to a confusion of the Americans with the mobs of London that had to be suppressed in the interest of law and order. Then, again, belated concessions fatally hampered by the absence of quick means of communication, contributed much,—and then the blunder of Howe,—and Burgoyne stumbled stupidly upon Saratoga, and Cornwallis yawned his way into Yorktown. It is much too simple, and it utterly ignores the slow, persistent growth of a distinctively American spirit through the preceding generations.

This is not history that we have in Guedalla's book but a portrait gallery of some of the history-makers, and the portraits are not full length. They are impressionalistic sketches, beautifully shaded to emphasize features that appeal to the author's fancy. One is more impressed with the technique of the artist than with the fidelity or completeness of the portrait. This is especially true of the four American studies. The Washington offers nothing new. Guedalla has evidently not seen the "Diaries." The English country squire, "the figure so exquisitely Georgian," "the Whig gentleman,"—all these characterizations are familiar, and the references to the Washington myth are trite. But occasionally even Guedalla prefers the myth to the reality, as in the explanation of Washington's attitude toward the French Revolution which ignores his profound distrust of democracy. In England, says Guedalla, he would have been with Pitt. Lord, in America he *was* with Pitt.

The least satisfying of the American portraits is that of Samuel Adams, which is scarcely less than a negation of the man. We are presented with a garrulous old bore swept into stormy waters by his debts. "The voice quavered interminably on." The old man pounding the pavement with his stick as he stalked up to the Boston jail to pay his respects in '98 to a victim of the borrowed repressive policies of Pitt was something finer than a doddering old man.

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Franklin fares better—his features are so pronounced. This "engaging blend of Ulysses and Uncle Ponderevo," who was "almost unbelievably American," and was "the father of American humor," almost disarms the author's accustomed irony, but here we miss Franklin's diplomatic finesse, his political prescience, and gallant fighting courage. One would naturally suppose the fourth American would be Jefferson, organizer of revolution and protest, whose "Summary View" enriched the arsenal of Burke, and whose Declaration of Independence purpled the neck of the King and made the laughing eyes of North bat a bit, but not so. It is Hamilton who is no more a Father of the Revolution than Guedalla's son! This portrait is singularly weak, particularly since the subject lends himself so perfectly to portraiture. Here the iconoclast hugs the old myth to picture the man who in the closing hours of the Constitutional convention frankly avowed his "dislike of the scheme of government in general," and toward the end of his life wrote Morris that the Constitution was "a frail and worthless fabric," as its creator.

In the English portraits Guedalla is much happier, particularly with George III, who is exquisitely drawn. The heavy Hanoverian moves pompously through these pages, with his explosive exclamations with which Fanny Burney's diary has made us familiar, spluttering at parties, fuming over patronage, shaking his fist at Wilkes and the spirit of liberty, interpreting American protests in terms of London mobs, making a mess of things with the best intentions in the world, until we scarcely know whether to laugh or cry. Here truly the author has given us a personality, a flesh and blood reality. He is almost as happy with Burgoyne and Cornwallis—those charming people playing soldier like gentlemen of fashion set to distasteful tasks, more sinned against than sinning. Guedalla has taken names and made men so real that we would give much to have Burgoyne back again for a chat about his plays and politics—both light as air.

Chatham appears in his last phase, the most impressive because the most pathetic, "a monarchist of almost religious intensity," "an Elizabethan minister astray in the eighteenth century," hobbling on his crutches and in his flannels like Don Quixote "with distressed America as his Dulcinea" to the fight. "He was posed; he was draped; he was lit; he was almost set to music. . . . What a part it would have been for Sir Henry Irving if Lord Chatham had not played it."

Strangely enough Burke does not charm the author and instead of a portrait we have an interpretation. He appears before us as "a style," as "an echoing corridor where the receding voices of the eighteenth century may still be faintly heard."

These studies have all the rhetorical brilliance and charm that is Guedalla—and the shortcomings. There are weaknesses in all human beings—except

ADELAIDE A. BOODLE, the Gamekeeper
From "R. L. S. and His Sine qua Non," by the Gamekeeper (Scribners)

the satirists—even the greatest; and even the greatest may be made to seem petty by featuring the flaws in the portrait. This, however, is caricature rather than portraiture. The old school painter wiped out the flaws, even the pock marks from the face of Washington; the ultra-smart modernist comes upon us with a blare of trumpets to give us the flaws only in pretty colors; the artistry of reality must blend the good and bad, and the portrait approaches perfection in proportion as the balance is observed. Guedalla leaves us wondering at the pettiness of our heroes, and even life seems a little absurd but for the sparkling phrases. Perhaps after all Guedalla, like Burke, is primarily "a style." But what a style!

The *Manchester Guardian* says: "There seems to have been little serious reading done in the enforced leisure imposed on many people by the strike. Inquiries at two of the chief London bookshops show that business went down by more than half, and that sales were mostly of fiction and popular magazines. The big exception was the demand for Mr. Baldwin's book.

"The embargo on parcel post, of course, hit the booksellers badly, as the orders received on the eve of the strike could not be posted, but I am told that there have been few cancellations. A curious thing was that several customers asked the booksellers to take off covers and cut up books and send in separate parcels within the 8-oz. limit."

Unvarnished History

NEW ENGLAND IN THE REPUBLIC 1775-1850. By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM A. ROBINSON
Dartmouth College

IN his third and concluding volume of the history of New England, Mr. Adams maintains the high literary and scholarly standards of his earliest work. In writing the history of a state or any other sub-division of the United States, the maintenance of a proper perspective is exceedingly difficult. Many former productions of this sort have been overloaded with national history, often more or less irrelevant. Others have failed to keep the national setting properly in view. Mr. Adams's task was especially difficult inasmuch as he had to trace the operation of those forces by which "imperceptibly, but rapidly, New England became linked with the other sections." Here and there, as in the case of the Jackson era, the reader may feel that the addition of a few pages on national politics would have added to the interest and clarity of the treatment of local conditions, but on the whole the author has handled the problem with great skill. The story of New England development, social, economic, and political, is always in the foreground but the movement of national events and their interaction with local affairs is never obscured.

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Mr. Adams has used a wide variety of contemporary material, especially newspapers and pamphlets. In addition he has made effective use of monographs and other studies which are usually of interest only to the specialist and often more or less unavailable to the general reader. His criticism of authorities furnishes a valuable bibliography of the whole subject, but at no time does it detract from the interest of the topic under discussion or interfere with the easy flow of the narrative.

In his discussion of the Revolutionary War the author lays special stress on the social and economic results of the struggle. Most of the fighting occurred beyond New England boundaries but the effects of depreciated currency, governmental incompetence, demoralized commerce, and private greed and selfishness were all-pervasive. The Revolution had its sordid aspects and Mr. Adams does not hesitate to present them in detail. The story of popular ingratitude and even hostility toward the officers and soldiers of Washington's army, who had passed through eight years of gruelling service, makes unpleasant reading. As the author remarks "there are aspects of the psychology of the Revolutionary period that seem to belong in the sphere of pathology, so abnormal is the state of mind indicated."

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Mr. Adams's discussion of the causes and progress of the unrest which culminated in the Shays Rebellion, is especially valuable. Incidentally, he points out that it was Vermont, the most democratic of the New England group which displayed, by its timely remedial legislation, a higher degree of statesmanship than prevailed in Massachusetts where sharp fighting was required to end the crisis. The suppression of disorder and the adoption of the Federal Constitution were followed by a period of Federalist predominance. The Federalists were distinctly reactionaries in politics. The party leaders represented the commercial and financial interests whose strength grew rapidly with the return of stability and the revival of foreign commerce. They had encouraged the democratic movement as long as it was directed against British rule, but were bitterly opposed to democratic rule in New England itself. They were devoted to the upholding of all property rights, the maintenance of the established Congregational Church, and the aristocratic tradition in government. New England could not escape the influence of the democratic philosophy of Jefferson and his party, and in succeeding chapters Mr. Adams traces the fluctuations of Federalist Party strength, its sectionalism which at times came dangerously near the borderline of treason, and its final collapse following the Hartford Convention.

In the years following the second war with England there were far-reaching changes. Manufacturing became the dominant interest of New England and with manufacturing came such problems as immigration, factory regulation, the vice of the cities, the activities of organized labor. The state governments retained much of their early conserva-

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tism and were slow in recognizing new responsibilities. In like manner the humanitarian trend of the nineteenth century encountered many obstacles in the prevailing philosophy. Mr. Adams shows in convincing manner the backwardness of public education, the general indifference to the sufferings of the poor, the defective, and the delinquent, the greed of many of the new employing class, the exploitation of the labor of women and children. But he also shows the gradual rise of a more humane spirit, whose progress, slow at first, eventually brought about great reforms. Contemporaneously with the spread of humanitarianism appeared the group of literary leaders whose work added so greatly to the intellectual resources of the nation.

The final chapter is entitled "The Black Cloud" and in it the author pays a deserved tribute to the courage and self-sacrifice of the early leaders of the anti-slavery movement. There has been a tendency in recent years to decry the activities of the Abolitionists and to overemphasize their intemperance and lack of balance, but as Mr. Adams points out there was justification for Garrison's statement, "I have need to be all on fire, for I have mountains of ice about me to melt."

There are "professional New Englanders" as there are "professional Southerners" who resent the presentation of blunt facts about their ancestors or their native states. Such persons will find much in the present volume that is unpleasant. It is real history however, and one of the most noteworthy productions of recent years.

It is usually considered part of the reviewer's duty to point out minor errors. Two mistakes which should be corrected in subsequent printings occur on Page 258, where the date of Henry's tour of observation is given as "March, 1800" where "March, 1808" is obviously meant, and on Page 352, where Longfellow's volume of 1839 is entitled "Verses of the Night" instead of "Voices of the Night."

A Quiverful of Darts

WINNOWED WISDOM. By Stephen Leacock. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by Amy Loveman

NO one can unbend more delightfully than the learned professor of economics of McGill University, and no one can turn his levity to more effective badinage than he. Mr. Leacock is one of the most genial caricaturists of our day. His satiric humor glances upon the manners, the morals, and the politics of the time, chiding foibles, ridiculing pretensions, laughing at absurdities, always gay, always good-natured, sometimes riotous in the exuberance of its mood. His is the art of the cartoonist, with its economy and simplicity of line, its elasticity of interest, its concern with the obvious and the immediate. To be sure his fun on occasion degenerates into nonsense, and his high spirits if taken in too large portions pall. But if not all subjects engage his pen with like felicity, he is seldom ill at ease and again and again he is delightfully diverting.

Perhaps one of the happiest chapters of Mr. Leacock's book is its Preface entitled "An Appeal to the Average Man," a being he compounds of statistics and humor. Poor average man! Mr. Leacock gives him up as a hopeless case before he has gone very far.

> Think of him (he says, after presenting data leading up to his generalization) with his mean stature, and his little chin and his Ford car and his fear of the dark and his home in Honkville, Indiana, or Red Hat, Sasketchewan (the geographical center, he has deduced, of the average man). And think of his limited little mind! The average man, it seems, never forms an opinion for himself. The poor nut can't do it. He just follows the opinion of other men. . . .
>
> Think how fine it would be to get away from the average —to mingle with men seven feet high and women six feet round; to consort with people who wouldn't tell a lie except for big money, and to have friends who could solve cross-word puzzles without having to buy the Encyclopædia Britannica!
>
> But the only trouble with such a movement is that if I really did start it, and if I could, with great labor and persuasion, get it going and it began to succeed, then who would come flocking into it but the darned little average man himself. As long as it was unsuccessful, he'd keep out of it. But let it once succeed and in he'd come. That's exactly his dirty little nature.
>
> In short, now that I think of it I am not so keen on appealing to the average man. Nothing ever does appeal to him, until it has made a terrible hit somewhere else.

And so having given up the average man, Mr. Leacock turns to the average woman, who "the more you think about her the better she appears." Almost she persuades him to dedicate his book to her. "But then, unfortunately, the average woman reads nothing—or nothing except love stories."

That is Mr. Leacock in rollicking mood, poking good-humored fun at the world in general. And then there is the Mr. Leacock who is political satirist, the Mr. Leacock who writes French politics for beginners, and declares that "a certain measure of calm has been restored in Paris by the announcement that an entirely new ministry has been formed by the union of Mr. Caillaux-Mr. Poincaré-Mr. Painlevé and Mr. Briand," and quotes M. Briand as saying that a new budget will be made at once which will absolutely ensure the stability of French finance, and which "will be based on a vote of National Credit supported by a Universal Loan and guaranteed by a Public Debt," who suggests an advance cable service, and presents sample political cables which can be released at any time with perfect timeliness. And then again there is the Mr. Leacock who is ingeniously the cynic, rewriting old proverbs with such comment as that on "All is not gold that glitters."

> How perfectly ridiculous! Everybody in the days in which we live knows—even a child knows—that all *is* gold that glitters. Put on clothes enough, appearance enough and you will be accepted anywhere. Just do a little glittering and everybody will think that you are gold.

And, too, there is the Mr. Leacock who is the satirist of the questionnaire nuisance, and of the newspaper pessimist, and of—well, read "Winnowed Wisdom" to see how many darts Mr. Leacock lets fly from his quiver.

Writing as a Business

THE COMMERCIAL SIDE OF LITERATURE. By Michael Joseph in collaboration with Grant Overton. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by Ann Watkins

A VALUABLE book, a useful book, and moreover an interesting book, even to that part of the literate population—it must total at least three in this broad land—that has never *written, nor contemplated writing,* for publication.

Hardly a single page of this book fails to put forth a statement that cannot be controverted, but these are matters of opinion. When it comes to presenting facts, the authors are comprehensive, accurate, and what is more unusual, intelligent—that is to say, interesting.

There is a mighty array of facts. Even one who specializes in what may be called the pay side of writing finds in it unfamiliar information. One suspects that it is a result of special investigation for this work. Mr. Joseph covers the whole field in a sane, detached, judicial spirit that carries conviction.

The book is announced as "a Handbook for every Author, Editor, and Student of Writing." The capitals are the author's, or perhaps the publishers. It is mostly for the author—the would-be, the beginner, the arrived. If the authors will read it, accept what it says at its real value, it will come near to meeting that well-known condition which sometimes has been described as a long-felt want, and which actually exists in this instance.

Anyone who has intimate experience in the selling and buying of manuscripts has encountered dreamers who have no interest whatever in the financial side. Fortunately they are few, very few. There are many who declare that they have a profound contempt for the money, but who, sooner or later, show a keen concern in the returns they receive for writing. They demand the largest commercial returns in a business transaction, and at the same time insist upon violating the laws of business to advantage themselves. There are those who write for hire, are avowedly commercial—good, well-trained, competent merchants.

And then there are those who give the best that is in them, who are faithful in their work to their concepts of what is finest, without thought of the money return. But, having finished the novel or story, they frankly are eager to receive the maximum possible return for it. These are the big writers, the ones held in the highest regard by those familiar with the business of buying and selling of manuscripts, and the public. These authors realize that the writing of a novel or a story may be and often is a creative achievement, a work of art, but once it is offered for sale it becomes a commercial commodity, subject to the laws of buying and selling.

The great usefulness of Mr. Joseph's book is in setting down the rules that govern the inevitable commercialism that makes literature possible. It shows the wheels going around. It tells why, makes the things mysterious to many authors plain as day.

The book begins with two chapters on the modern novel, and carries the cheering news that, for all the great production of fiction, publishers are eager for manuscripts that are possible if they give promise of even better work. There is a discussion of the different kinds of novels—love stories, adventure stories, mystery stories, et cetera, comment on the difficulties they present and the probable returns from them. It is plain that Mr. Joseph is one of those who distinguish a short story from a novel only by its length. The non-fiction books also receive attention.

There are safe and sane chapters on "Author and Publishers" and "Approaching the Publisher," and sound sense in the chapter on "The Literary Agent," who, it is pointed out, is even more valuable to the established author than to the beginner. There are so many rights now, so many new markets, so many old ones changing over night, almost, so many problems of copyright, that an author who keeps fully informed on them would have little time in which to write. Incidentally, the chapter on "Copyright" covers involved and little known facts of the first importance in brief space.

The chapters on the play and moving picture rights do not seem to have quite the authority that characterizes those devoted to books. The text seems to indicate that Mr. Joseph is more familiar with the foreign field than with the American. The chief reason that so many plays fail is not because the authors lack a "heaven-born gift" but because they have not mastered the mechanics of the play—that is, its technique.

As to moving picture rights, Mr. Joseph says the film specialist alone can judge whether a story is suitable for the screen. If he said the cinema people alone can determine what they will buy, it would have been much more near the truth.

There is a lot about advertising in the book, and a chapter on "The Author and Publicity." As to the former, there is yet to be learned a successful method, or, if you prefer, a technique, for advertising a novel. Advertising can sell a set of books, but it is not of record that the success of any single book can be attributed to advertising. It can and does increase the sales of a book that has established its own success.

In the final chapter, which Grant Overton seems to have written single-handed, authors are urged to sell dramatic rights on a fifty-fifty royalty—and then take to the woods, which is most excellent advice. Also he quotes Hilaire Belloc's dictum that man was no more meant to live by writing than by conversation. This seems to throw a monkey wrench into the idea that literature has a commercial side, so far as the author is concerned. Says Mr. Overton:

"I will indulge in a plain statement. Anyone who makes a living, by writing, no matter how large may be his income and who considers himself warranted in a budget of more than $10,000 a year, is a fool."

Most of us know authors who do foolish things, especially with money. But there is an army of hard working mechanics who make a sure and comfortable living by writing. Also it is true that if a writer has something to say, and learns how to say it, and is willing to work—*which eliminates about nine-tenths* of those who attempt to live by writing—it is a highly profitable profession. The exceptions, like Conrad, who had to wait years for financial recognition, merely prove the rule.

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An Epic Story

THE RISE OF MODERN INDUSTRY. By J. L. and BARBARA HAMMOND. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by HAROLD J. LASKI
London School of Economics

MR. AND MRS. HAMMOND now need no introduction to the student of history. They have shown a power unsurpassed in this generation to make the dry bones of fact the flesh and blood of a living reality. With wide knowledge of the facts, they have combined a deep and generous philosophy. They make of history not merely a narrative but also an example. They have the gift of showing, not only what was the sequence of events, but also what those events meant in the lives of the men and women affected by them. At a time when the predominating temper of English historiography is conservative, we are peculiarly fortunate in the possession of writers who do not forget the claims of the disinherited to a place in the record.

The present volume is one of peculiar importance and fascination. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond are concerned to discuss the features which distinguish modern industrial organizations from its predecessor, and to inquire both how it arose and the consequence of its birth. Large-scale production and capitalism are not, as they show from the history of Rome and Venice, in any way unique in the history of civilization. Gibbon's second chapter is a classic description of the world-market of the Roman empire; and the reader of Juvenal's fourteenth satire could easily imagine that he was reading of London or New York. The difference, as Mr. and Mrs. Hammond point out, is that whereas these phenomena in the ancient and mediæval worlds were organized mainly to satisfy the needs of the rich, today it is the ordinary citizen who lives by the mechanism of a world-market. Our production, as they point out, differs from that of Rome in being mass production; and it is the nature of mass production to involve popular consumption as its consequence.

* * *

It is well pointed out here how the change occurred. The influence of the geographical discoveries, which effected a revolution in the scale of commerce, the improvement of shipbuilding, the rise of economic individualism, all coincided to prepare the way for a revolution in the technique of production. Why, then, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond inquire, did the change take place first in England? They point out that Columbus transferred the centre of maritime importance from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. Of that change England was peculiarly fitted to take advantage. Her climate, the nature of her colonies, the character of her government and civilization, all made for industrial development. Distrust of state regulation—the consequence of Stuart despotism—gave business men a free hand. Religious toleration provided the necessary craftsmen, often from among persecuted peoples abroad. The comparative freedom of intellectual speculation enabled the fullest advantage to be taken of the great discoveries in natural science. The stagnation of politics,—Walpole's *quieta non movere*—turned men's minds from the business of politics to the politics of business; a situation interestingly comparable to that of America at the present day. England was changed from a land of peasants into the workshop of the world so swiftly that to men like Cobbett the character and size of the change, even as it reached its apogee, was matter for indignant amazement.

Mr. and Mrs. Hammond then give an admirably succinct account of some of the characteristic industries the revolution in which illustrates the total transformation. If there is nothing novel in this part of the book, it is difficult to see how it could have been better done, and it is written with that graphic simplicity which places the writers among the leaders of English literature today.

The third part of the work is, if not the most important, at least the most moving of all. In it is described the philosophy which underlay the change. Readers of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's earlier books will recognize many of their illustrations, but it is very useful to have the general argument stated as a succinct whole. Roughly, as they point out, there was a struggle between the yearning to produce a well-ordered society and the passion for production which made riches for the few possible upon a scale undreamed of in the past. Midas was victorious; and a whole people was made the instrument of his tragic curse. But from the confusion of this world there began slowly to emerge a new order. A widespread protest was engendered by the miseries it provoked. The trade unions, the civil service, even the legislature, combined with aristocrats like Shaftesbury, and economists like Owen and Bray to lay down at least the outlines of a different system. From the misery of outraged human nature came men like Lovett in one class and age, William Morris in another, to acclaim the creative impulse in man and to protest that room must be found in social systems for the expression of its purpose and its hope. Slowly, maybe, yet surely the age which forged gum fetters for itself found them rust upon its limbs; and new dreams became prophetic of a nobler aspiration.

It is the fine achievement of this book that it sets the industrial revolution in the perspective of world-history. No other volume in the language is quite like it. The late Professor Knowles's volume, the classic work of Mantoux, those great lectures of Professor Gay which have been the parent of so many books by others, have never analyzed the change quite from this angle. There may well be differences about the emphasis of the facts; there will certainly be differences about the value of the achievement. But no one can doubt that the story to be told is of epic quality; or that it is here narrated with an insight that is worthy of its substance.

A Mystic Utilitarianism

CREATIVE FREEDOM. By J. W. T. MASON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by L. C. HAM

MAN is a speculating animal with a *flair* for rationalization and a loyalty to his origin that has made life difficult for him. There is no getting away from Spirit; no separation into departments of life, where Spirit is more conserved by one specialized form than another. Man never has been satisfied to grow away from what he conceives to be his origin, and what he believes, in face of every denial or doubt, to be his end and re-beginning. This book is a strict rationalization of what *is*. A logical development of thought from Bergson's "Creative Evolution" is clear. It will be a comfort to those who know intuitively that Pure Spirit is the beginning and the end, but who are not able to make powerful use of this intuition in a world bent upon utilitarian progress. "Creative Freedom" does provide a spring-board for creative thinking. For convenience I quote its thesis: "Humanity is Pure Spirit, self-projected as the creative impetus into the environment of matter, seeking self-creative progress by means of utilitarian productivity." This is a fair statement of life originating in spirit, and coming now after ages and ages of evolving processes, to the understanding that matter is not matter; that it is, on the contrary, immateriality, and that we have Spirit on our hands to deal with, after all.

Mr. Mason rationalizes the processes. It is difficult to summarize his opinions because his terms are used in an uncommon sense, and it requires close attention to avoid the conventional philosophic and general scientific connotations. For example, Extinction as a pre-beginning, is quite clear in Mr. Mason's mind and in my own; but he uses the term to mean, not annihilation so much as a disintegration of parts. We cannot easily conceive of pre-beginning, and when it comes to Pure Spirit no one can define it. That is why there have been so many man-created gods.

Let me try to report what I understand Mr. Mason to think. He postulates Pure Spirit as a device by which Extinction is avoided. Everything begins in Pure Spirit, and he believes that this is also Absolute Freedom: that is, the first and only deterministic factor there has been in life was the choice by Pure Spirit, that human evolution should be through self-creative freedom.

In other words: here was deliberate choice. Pure Spirit could have determined that life should consciously remain within a spiritual envelope, without power to create spontaneously, certainly without power to create on self-deceptive hypotheses. The creative impetus projected itself into an environment of matter, and convinced itself that life was an obstacle-race to subdue matter—to what? It is not very clear. Now matter is turning out to be anything else we choose to call it, but certainly not matter as we have defined it since the self-creating impulse appeared. The breaking-up of the atom, the change of energy into something else, the fact that we are confronted with pure motion, is disconcerting to any theory of materiality and of progress in terms of utilitarian productivity. It all becomes a side issue, and a conviction that we have thrust life into a false battle is irresistible.

Accepting Mr. Mason's beginning as Pure Spirit, and our present knowledge, that matter is not matter, where do we go from here? How rationalize the tragic battle we have waged in behalf of an erroneous conception of life? It is cruel to say that Mr. Mason's argument makes us out complete fools, and it is desolating to consider that the only deterministic factor there was projected us into a useless struggle.

Mr. Mason would not agree with this. He accepts the theory that persistence itself and all good things, come from the obstacle-race view. This seems childish. To suppose that life could not persist, could find nothing worth its living, except in a cosmic struggle, based on a misconception, is to do violence to one's faith in Pure Spirit. Mr. Mason is not a passionate writer. But he has drawn a picture to rend one's soul in the gradual dissociation of man from spirit, and the rise of self-consciousness far beyond what slight prods sub-consciousness could offer to remind him of his spiritual origin. That this is the "Fall," known to religious thought as the sinful reparation from God, is clear. The book would be worth careful reading if only for this one terrible declension written out with a lack of passion admirable for its temperateness.

What of the Future?

WHITHER ENGLAND? By LEON TROTSKY. New York: International Publishers. 1925. $1.75.

WHITHER RUSSIA? Towards Capitalism or Socialism. By LEON TROTSKY. New York: International Publishers. 1926. $1.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

NO two books could be more unlike than these two studies, but together they afford a striking illustration of Trotzky's intellectual powers, his versatility, and the analytical qualities of his mind. Nowhere has he plunged his pen deeper into the gall-pot than in the volume devoted to the future of England. For that the subject, at least as he treats it, offers some incitement. The England whose future he undertakes to forecast is not an England enmeshed in problems of trade, or manufacture, or debt, or empire, or political alliances and defense, all combining to indicate, with more or less precision, the road along which progress or decay must go. Instead, we have the England of the Labor party, and it is against the program and spirit of the party, blind, credulous, and superficial in leadership as well as ideals, trying to fend off an inescapable future of imagining that it can eat its cake and have it too, that Trotzky launches a vitriolic attack.

What stirs him to combat is, at bottom, the attitude of the British Labor party toward revolution. As he sees it, the party is deluding itself by imagining that a socialist state may in some way be realized without open collision with the forces of capitalism. That hope he believes to be vain, not only because capitalism is too strong, too well organized, and possessed of too much solidarity to yield without a fight, but also because historically a revolution appears to be the only process by which fundamental changes in the social order are likely to be brought about. Witness the American Civil War, without which slavery and its political and other accomplishments would not have been overthrown, or the seventeenth century Civil War in England, which established the supremacy of a bourgeois society through the agency of Cromwell and his Ironsides. Evolution may produce certain changes, some of which may be beneficent, but the inherent evils of the capitalist order will disappear only when the proletariat shall have arisen and forcibly destroyed them root and branch.

Why, then, Trotzky asks, do the Ramsay MacDonalds, the Webbs, the Thomases and Hendersons, the Snowdens and Mrs. Snowdens, upon each and all of whom he empties the vials of his disdain, keep on mouthing foolishness and calling it socialism?

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It is because none of these leaders of the toiling masses is really a socialist, or is willing at heart to pay the price at which the future which they profess to desire is really to be attained. They are Protestants and Liberals, not atheists and radicals. Their Protestantism, traditional, sentimental, and a bit oily, creates an intellectual obsession which prevents them from seeing the world as it is, while their Liberalism (the term is used throughout in a political sense) amounts to nothing more than dissent from certain excesses of the capitalist régime. One gathers that Trotzky, if he had to choose, would prefer the British Conservatives on grounds of moral respectability, since they at least know what they believe and are ready, if need be, to fight for it; but for the Liberals, with their wavering notions about everything, and their confidence that if a somewhat larger number of people would be a little more generous and honest, all would work out for the best in the best of all possible worlds, he has no use whatever.

* * *

Politically and economically, in other words, British Labor appears to him as a blind aggregation led by the blind, and in due time both will fall into the ditch. The trade unions, indeed, are not to be wholly despised, and as transitional institutions something may be said for them, but it is not through trade unionism that salvation is to come to the proletariat. The hope of the masses is in communism, and while Trotzky does not look for an early revolution in England, he has nevertheless a large and sublime confidence in the ability of the few thousand Communists already present to leaven the proletarian lump. When the inevitable revolution comes, the Labor party, repudiated by the proletariat, will be found allied with the Conservatives and such Liberals as may have survived, and the complete overthrow of what is left of Labor will become as necessary to social emancipation as was the overthrow of Czarists, Mensheviks, and intellectuals in Russia.

It would be idle to criticize the conclusion, since to do so would merely be to tilt with communism as a theory of society and with revolution as a necessity of social change. The two main points of Trotzky's argument, on the other hand, rest upon debatable ground. There can be no doubt whatever that communism, or any form of socialism that evolving communism will tolerate, if ever it is to be set up in England, will be established there only by means of a violent revolution; and since capitalism, as Trotzky himself points out, is aware of the danger, it may be counted upon to resist to the last ditch a movement that would destroy it. There can also be little doubt that the program of British Labor has drifted far from what, a generation ago, would have been recognized as socialism, and that the policies of British Labor leaders would today be better described as Liberalism affected with a socialist interest. It may be admitted that such compromises accord very well with the British habit of "muddling through," but they do not lead in the direction in which Trotzky believes that England must ultimately go.

* * *

In turning from England to Russia, Trotzky essays a different task and adopts a different tone. What he undertakes to do here is to show that the new economic policy against which so much criticism has been directed is not only working successfully, and in the main in the precise way in which it was expected to work, but that it is also steadily weaning Russia from the last traces of capitalism and transforming it into a veritable socialist state. The basis of the exposition is the elaborate study, available as yet only in incomplete form but of the highest value as far as it goes, which the State Planning Commission has made of the economic condition of Russia in the years 1923-25 in comparison with 1913, together with the calculations of the Commission for 1925-26. The limitations of space do not admit even a summary of the many details presented, and the reader who wishes to check Trotzky's argument point by point must be referred to the statistics themselves, which are printed in full in an appendix. Two or three general conclusions, however, are entitled to be stated.

Taking the economic life of Russia as a whole, Trotzky makes it reasonably clear that the process of rehabilitation and transformation has made tremendous strides, and that the policy of state control, in many departments at least, may fairly be said to have been justified. If there be a weakness in his argument, it is in the confidence which he everywhere expresses that the state-controlled program of production for 1925-26, which calls for further expansion in more or less fixed ratios, will be fully realized, and in the assumption that what has been true of the immediate past will be true also in the longer future. A second point is the frank admission that the mass of the Russian peasantry have still to be assimilated into the new economic system, and that there must, accordingly, continue to be for some time a marked contrast between socialized industry and trade and socialized agriculture. A third point, and the one most likely to be seized upon with avidity by those to whom most things Russian are anathema, is the recognition of the present superiority of capitalist to socialist production. "The fundamental economic superiority of bourgeois states consists," writes Trotzky, "in the fact that capitalism, *for the present*, still produces cheaper and better goods than socialism. . . . The productivity of labor in the countries that are still living in accordance with the law of inertia of the old capitalist civilization is *for the present* still considerably higher than in that country which is beginning to apply socialist methods under conditions of inherited barbarism." The problem of Russia, as Trotzky sees it, is to develop quality and speed as well as quantity, and to prevent an inroad of capitalism by controlling foreign trade through a policy of protection.

Whatever one thinks of the author or his ideas, these books are worth reading. The first is a brilliant piece of merciless dissection, bristling with epithets and ruthless characterizations, and a first-rate exhibition of political hectoring such as British audiences enjoy. The second is a strong and well-buttressed defense of an economic system which, whether better or worse than those of other nations, seems clearly to have passed successfully its experimental stage as far as productive industry is concerned.

On a Turkish Screen

MEMOIRS OF HALIDÉ EDIB. New York: The Century Co. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by HELEN MCAFEE

ON making the acquaintance of an Oriental country, a Westerner (if I may generalize from my own experience) is likely to pass through three stages. The first impression is of obvious strangeness—the strange smells and sounds and colors of the scene, the strange masks and talk of the moving crowds. Then follows a recognition of the similarities underlying the unfamiliar surfaces, the inevitable reassurance, which comes with the disengaging of individuals from the mass, that human nature is pretty much the same the world over. But as time goes on, this sense of security is permeated by disturbing presentiments—presentiments of the unknown always lying just around the corner from the known, in the tricks of speech, the habits of thought, the native music; and in a different form the mood of mystery returns—to stay.

Some such threefold initiation awaits the reader of Halidé Hanum's Memoirs. For this book is more than a projection of a personality; it is a projection of the last quarter-century of Turkish life. In the opening chapters, with all the clues that the author lavishly furnishes, one's imagination has to be constantly strained to get any sort of picture of the Turkish household of her childhood—a household of well-to-do, intelligent people, with its almost barbaric servants and its numerous relatives, half-relatives, non-relatives—uncles, cousins, wives, and "palace ladies," dropping in and out of the loose patriarchal organization; with its characteristically nomadic removes at frequent intervals back and forth across Bosporus from one many-windowed, wistaria-covered house to another; its Anatolian folk-songs, its Oriental ceremonies, its consultations with the Peris. Gradually there emerges a consciousness of three dominant persons, one in each generation—the good-hearted, simple-minded grandmother, a rather fine lady of the old school, a pious Mohammedan doubtful of all things European; her son the titular if not the actual head of the family, an official of the imperial system of Abdul Hamid, and a great admirer of Western ways to the extent of wishing his small daughter to wear English serge and eat solid English food; and this small daughter, Halidé herself.

The child grew up in the two half-worlds of the modern Near East. Nourished on the ballads and legends of the country, taken by her grandmother when she was ill to Arzié Hanum, the sorceress, pulled this way and that by the cross-currents of a polygamous family, she was sent first to a Greek school and then to the American Woman's College. Her education was further extended under a well-known Turkish writer and then under an eminent mathematician, who later became the head of the chief boys' school in Constantinople, and whom she was to marry at an early age.

This training, so unusual for a Turkish girl of the time, was the preparation, as it turned out, for a very unusual career—a literary career, bound up—as everything in the Near East is bound up—with politics, and rising to notable public service. (Its culminating years coincident with the Nationalist revival of which Halidé Hanum was a moving spirit, reserved perhaps for a later volume, are not recorded here.) But though its outlines may be familiar enough to Western readers, it was not a Western career.

* * *

Fired by the enthusiasm of the Revolution of 1908, Halidé Hanum came out in the press and in public meetings as a champion of a broader life for Turkish women and a better understanding among the races of the empire. Consequently when, a few months later, a counter-revolution set in, she found herself, still in her early twenties, condemned to death by the reactionary Abdul Hamid, forced to seek refuge in the American College, and then to flee with her two small sons to Egypt. With the dethronement of the hated tyrant, she returned to Constantinople to find her husband about to take a second wife, and as her early life had not predisposed her to polygamy, she withdrew from his home and divorced him. Under the impact of these crushing events, her health, never robust, broke down, but she gathered together her energies—like many Orientals of slight, even delicate, physique, she has always been capable of remarkable bursts of energy—and wrote a series of novels and sketches that gave her an enviable reputation among her countrymen. One of them, "The Shirt of Flame," has recently been published in English. She also interested herself in education and was instrumental in reorganizing the normal school for women teachers in Stamboul, in founding clubs, and generally in promoting the modernization of Turkey and the amelioration of the condition of Eastern women. Her various efforts brought her into close relation before the war with the most intelligent members of the international community in Constantinople and also with the leaders of the Union and Progress party in power at that time and later—the ministers Talaat Pasha and Djemal Pasha, and such publicists as Dr. Riza Tewfik and Djavid Bey, editor of the chief Turkish newspaper.

Something of an internationalist at the outset, the experiences of the Tripolitan, Balkan, and World Wars drove her, as they drove other Turks, into a militant nationalism, but she has preserved a breadth of view that few of her compatriots have achieved. Though she does not mention the fact, she has had her two sons educated at an American university. And the last chapters of her book telling of her work during the World War in organizing the pitiful orphan schools of Syria, show her still struggling to maintain a humane and liberal spirit in days when good patriots everywhere were hard put to it to hold on to their common humanity.

The book is full of opinions—literary, social, political—reflecting the author's many-sided life. There are hot attacks on polygamy, religious bigotry, hypocritical statecraft, and, as might be expected, on those whom she considers, rightly or wrongly, the enemies of her people. But there are also unexpectedly generous words for some from whose principles she dissents. The latter part of the book, covering the period from 1911 on, will of course, like other war memoirs, be subject to the revision of history. Here Americans will often disagree with the author's judgments—though in all honesty they should remind themselves as they do so that they know next to nothing about the Near East and its peoples.

Halidé Hanum should have several laps of her career still ahead of her, and one need not be a prophet to predict that it will continue to be a picturesque and a stormy one, for she is an ardent patriot and a fearless fighter. When Turkish fortunes were at their lowest after the war, she was

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a leader in the small band of Nationalists who revived them. But recently she has again passed into the opposition. Though this part of her life does not come within the scope of the present volume, a passing reference to the all-powerful Mustapha Kemal suggests that she possibly considers his policy as head of the new Turkish state too harshly materialistic, too lacking in essential spiritual energy, to be a wise foundation for the future. Whatever the issue of her attitude, the next volume of her memoirs should be of even greater interest than the one which she has here vividly, if somewhat guardedly, set before us.

White and Black

TURBOTT WOLFE. By WILLIAM PLOMER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

THIS book eludes easy classifications. Its form is not essential to its substance, but in spite of being superimposed, it often has a justifying fitness; its substance is not properly the substance of novels, but in spite of seeming to reproduce rather than create, and to present a problem rather than to illustrate it, "Turbott Wolfe" often has a ring of reality and humanity. More casual than continuous, more matter-of-fact than intense, indirect in its procedure and evasive in its conclusions, it is all the same lucid so far as it goes, not without its revelations, and not entirely without feeling.

We encounter the life of an Englishman in Africa; the clarified theories and impressions, not perhaps of Wolfe, but of his creator William Plomer. This seems all the more remarkable because Mr. Plomer is said to be only twenty-one years old. We encounter what he saw and heard, what he thought and felt; and preëminently, we find a concern for two cognate phases of a single question: the relation of the white man in Africa to the black, from the angle of government and culture and from the angle of miscegenation. Turbott Wolfe sees the white man in his descendant, sees his power and influence wrong and ineffectual, the power and influence of an "obscene civilization;" and goes so far as to see that "miscegenation is the only way for Africa to be secured to the Africans." Then full stop. Mr. Plomer's conclusions are humanized but not dramatized. His Dutch Mabel Van der Horst marries his native Zachary Msomi; but he begs the question by not showing the outcome of their marriage. His Turbott Wolfe puts out of mind the beautiful native girl he fancied and did not marry, and there the matter rests. Mr. Plomer argues for miscegenation on principle, or something like it, and tacitly seems to recognize it as unwise in practice. Or if we must recognize the cause of this discrepancy in a contrast of individuals, he shows them forced to different choices and considers the matter closed. But that, surely only opens the matter. And the child of miscegenation, the yet more complicated problem which concerned Mrs. Millin in "God's Stepchildren," and Walter White in "Flight"—a complication that cannot be ignored if miscegenation "is the only way for Africa to be secured to the Africans"—is not even approached.

Mr. Plomer has written an intelligent book, but he has allowed its problems to get beyond him. His representation is static, one might say it is the starting-point not only for a novel, but also for a study; and in the same sense the cast is presented and the background drawn only to the extent of a prologue. As a prologue it is admirable. The men and women of "Turbott Wolfe," whites and blacks alike, are more clearly photographed than in many books dramatically stronger and artistically richer. The facile summary suggests itself that they are reproductions and not creations, yet Frimson and Mabel, at any rate, must have been partly created, and had they been put more extensively into action they might have grown under their creator's hand and become excellent fictional material. But Mr. Plomer dealt otherwise, and his prologue, if admirable, is limited. The larger demands of his subject are beyond his grasp, and "Turbott Wolfe" fails to become significant. It leaves questions unanswered not on the philosophical basis of moderns who for all their searching can find no answer, not on the basis of futility; but because it leaves them unexplored. It ends where the real question it treats of begins.

Lewis as Romantic

MANTRAP. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

SINCLAIR LEWIS continues to be the most surprising of American authors. First there was the surprise of "Main Street;" then the surprise that he could do the same thing again and do it better in "Babbitt" and "Arrowsmith;" now there is the surprise that he can do an entirely different thing equally well. But this time consternation is mingled with the surprise. Mr. Lewis has taught his public to accept him as a brutal realist, a scourge of society, a thorn in the side of otherwise complacent America. And now in "Mantrap" he has done nothing less than write a highly romantic rapid fire novel whose interest lies solely in plot, atmosphere, and characterization. With blithe enthusiasm he has thrown himself among the *Saturday Evening Posters* and shown that he can be a super-*Poster* when he wills. Those who feel that Mr. Lewis the teacher has no right to such a truant holiday may be consoled by the prospect that another season will find him back at his pedagogical desk. Those, on the other hand, who relish a story for the story's sake will not be deterred by memories of Mr. Lewis's past or forecasts of his future from enjoying "Mantrap" in the meantime.

One may in cold-blooded afterthought suspect that the plot came first, the characters second, to Mr. Lewis's mind, and that in composing he had one if not both eyes fixed upon the movies, but in the actual reading nothing of this is felt. If the requirements of the plot first brought the characters into being, Mr. Lewis at any rate realized them fully in his imagination before he began to write or as he wrote. Of course, in dealing with this writer one has to look sharply: he is so great a master of lifelike conversation—in the reviewer's judgment the greatest living—that even when his people are utter mannikins they talk like human beings. And in "Mantrap" it is difficult to extricate them from the romantic background of the Canadian Northwest—a Canadian Northwest which is all that the Canadian Northwest should be, ablaze with forest fires, full of shouting rapids and black lakes, rich in possibilities of death by murder, drowning, and starvation.

* * *

In the swiftly moving incidents of Mr. Lewis's tale, in such an atmosphere, even mediocre characterization would have sufficed to hold the reader's interest, but the author's own artistic conscience has demanded careful workmanship. As a result, the four main characters will withstand close analysis. As always with Mr. Lewis, they approximate the type, thus gaining in representative value what they lose in depth. Woodbury, the salesman whose "loud sudden laughter had all the horror of gears jammed by an unskilled driver," is almost intolerably lifelike, but after he has been squeezed dry of satire he is unceremoniously abandoned in the Canadian wilds where, one feels, the author would like to maroon all of his tribe. Joe, the trapper, is rather too Cooper-like to be entirely convincing, although perhaps both Cooper and Mr. Lewis have merely depicted accurately the same person. Ralph, the unheroic hero of the story, is more individualized than the others; the timid city man in the wilds, the high-minded gentleman in love with his friend's wife, have been done often enough before separately, but in Ralph they are combined, enriched with complex derivative traits, and studied with a most subtle psychology. The triumph of characterization, however, is Alverna, wife of Joe and mistress of Ralph. In her we have a nympholept, done not in the manner of Michael Arlen and Iris March but in the manner of Sinclair Lewis and life. This vulgar, slangy manicurist who cannot "keep her hooks off any he-male that blows into town" has her moments of pathos and beauty. One can understand why Ralph yields to her seductions and also why her husband pursues them to save his friend from one whom he knows to be "sweet but rotten." The ending is certainly the right ending for a book which is throughout remarkably right in accomplishing what it attempts.

The Editors of *The Saturday Review of Literature* are anxious to secure a few copies of the Index to Volume I, Part I, of their publication. They will be grateful for any that may be sent in.

The BOWLING GREEN

During the absence of Mr. Morley in Europe general contributions will be run in his column.

Bridging a Gap in Moods

Johnsonia

THE old doctor has at last retired to his room
But not yet to his bed and the visions that torment him.
Above the candle it is his great face that is hanging
And the room is filled with the smell of his wig singeing unnoticed.
Is is three o'clock. Mrs. Thrale has made him his tea
But no protests nor wisdom nor wit could keep her up longer.
There is no one to talk to—the ponderous intricate mind
Is left to itself and its own overmastering fears.
All around him are darkness and night, but old Doctor Johnson
Will not yield yet: he had made for himself a bulwark
Of a book and a candle, and there he will sit for hours
Forlorn in his singeing wig—he whom all London fears.

ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH.

Maladie du Siecle

(*A Translation from the Chinese*)

ALL day long, said the Old Mandarin,
I closed myself in my study to think.
And all day long
I was aware of the telephone in the next room
Coiled there like a rattlesnake
Ready to strike.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The Original Cat

THE Original Cat exchanged her soul
For a blazing hearth and cream in a bowl,
She came to the door and sidled in
With tail erect and a Cheshire grin,
And sniffing the pot that a woman stirred
The Original Cat sat down and purred.
She purred and purred and the Devil heard
Each murmured word she purred he heard.

Man is a fool the Devil purred
And love is a human dream,
Give me your soul and I'll give you a bowl
Of beautiful Devonshire cream.
O give me but the invisible grace,
And you shall retain the visible face
Of love for a bowl of cream!

The Original Cat fell, I'm afraid,
And the angels heard of the bargain made;
And they striped and barred the cat's clean fur
As a sign that they washed their hands of her;
And the branded tabby became well known
To animals all as the Devil's own.

GEOFFREY DEARMER.

The Cat and Northern Lights

TO think our cat was wandering
Most of the night
Under the glory and exceeding beauty
Of wavering light,
Raising green eyes to that green streaming wonder
Lifted so high,
Walking deliberately and delicately under
A burning sky.
East, west, north, south, up every side of heaven
Pale fire streamed
And through its wavering tongues the constellations
Like gold sparks gleamed,
When out of darkness as upon an errand
The black cat came
So small, so small, to walk in the cold dark center
Of all that flame.

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

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Books of Special Interest

Personality

PROBLEMS OF PERSONALITY: STUDIES IN HONOR OF DR. MORTON PRINCE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $6.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW
University of Wisconsin

THIS collection of studies is issued as a tribute to Dr. Morton Prince, "pioneer in American psychopathology." It differs from the usual *Festschrift*, in that the contributors are not pupils but distinguished associates in his own country, in Canada, in England, in France, in Switzerland,—professors for the most part of psychology, psychiatry, and related branches. Some of these are disciples, and all have been aided in their professional undertakings by Dr. Prince's exposition of the nature of personality and the mechanisms of behavior in the more obscure forms of psychic disorder. With this field of research firmly established, one is apt to forget that in the formative days it took courage as well as original insight to launch the movement amid the distrust of colleagues. Dr. Prince's work is thus worthily recognized, and the recognition carries with it a high regard for an unusually forceful and gracious personality,—a tribute to Morton Prince the man, as well as the psychopathologist.

Dr. A. A. Roback in arranging the volume has performed a creditable service. He calls attention to the fact that Dr. Prince has ever shaped his conclusions with reference to the accredited body of psychological principles, avoiding extremes while reaching an original position derived from clinical interpretation. Though not a Freudian, he is hospitable to the more assimilable views of that school; and ardent Freudians appear among the contributors. This reference to the divergent trends that characterize present-day psychopathology will forestall any expectation of unity in approach or content. It is a busy if somewhat chaotic field of inquiry and peculiarly dependent upon the personal interests and temper of the researchers. The papers are divided into general studies; those dominantly psychological; those specifically in psychopathology; the psycho-analytic group (pro and con); and a miscellaneous group including æsthetics, neurology, and problems in social and anthropological psychology: in all a wide range from the thralldom of catch-phrases, to bad thinking in medicine, to witchcraft, to the neurotic evidence in Shakespeare's signatures, to the emotions in extreme danger, to conflict in art, and the usual themes of the subconscious, dreams, psychological types, and the several Freudian mechanisms. Yet the unity of title is justified.

As it is plainly impracticable to indicate in any brief compass the nature of the conclusions which one and another of the active workers in this field presents, the reviewer must be content to indicate some of the significant trends in this notable symposium, in which the members of a guild come together not to share a common menu, but to offer for consideration a ripe product of individual achievement. A common conviction is statable in the view that the issues of mental disorder afford a definite insight into the nature of personality and its liabilities in the normal as well as the abnormal setting. The psychopathic product is but the exaggeration, the terminal stage in full fruition, of tendencies that go to make up the composite personalities of ordinary and, still more so, of superordinary individuals. The psychopathic analysts disclose not only components of personality whose meaning is likely to be overlooked in the pale rendering of the neutrally normal, but indicate further that the mechanisms of motives and the interplay of processes, which direct the every-day traffic along mental highways and byways, must likewise find their clue in their more pronounced and irregular expressions of the abnormal.

Abnormal and social psychology have this in common—and they are associated in the Journal which Dr. Prince edits—that they must consider the total individual in his dynamic relations, interpreting his behavior in its totality, with motives and deep lying responses as the central consideration. They cannot focus, as may more academic aspects of psychology, upon isolated processes and the formal results of analyses. The neurotic expresses a way of living, or a way out of the besetting perplexities of life; still more intimately he reveals a way of feeling and thinking, but ever with that self-reference that compels the formulation of type-forms of personality-response, conforming to the sorts and conditions of men in nature's scheme. The nervous system contains the cipher of personality, and the neurologist with a psychological gift must eventually furnish the clue to its meaning. Tentative and hypothetical solutions are warranted if not too narrowly conceived; and close-up studies of the effects registered, and partial glimpses of mechanisms in operation are essential contributions, such as this composite volume affords. All this proceeds to and through concepts, which mark the irregular milestones of progress. In this enterprise, distinctive of the modern rôle of psychology—the new psychology,—American thought has a creditable share, and particularly in the overlapping field of psychiatry and psychology, of which Dr. Prince is a distinguished representative.

There is an increasing purpose noticeable running through technical and popular treatises alike,—a conviction that in the counsels of the future, wherever an intimate knowledge of human personality is involved, the lessons of psychopathology will be listened to. The attention will be respectful in so far as the representatives of the movement are not extremists, who in turn make way for the extravagances of popular charlatans, but responsible exponents of the type of Dr. Morton Prince and his associates who thus do him honor.

Composition

HOW TO DESCRIBE AND NARRATE VISUALLY. By L. A. SHERMAN. New York: George H. Doran. 1925.

Reviewed by HARRY H. CLARK
Middlebury College

IN the host of composition handbooks garnering the dry husks of grammatical and external forms it is a rare delight to find one which is psychological, scientific, and soundly inspiring. For as George Henry Lewes once remarked, if "Art is a production, a creation of the mind of man, the real way to set about its examination must be an examination of those laws of mind from whence it proceeds." Professor Sherman has seen the bed-rock importance of naturalness, concreteness, and sense-images; by inspiring the student to observe thoughtfully, by an analysis of the laws of mind, and by an inductive study of the principles by which the enduring masters of description and narration have been governed, he has striven to point the pathway to that saving trinity. Each chapter discusses the various principles involved, is inlaid with bountiful illustrative quotations, and is concluded by suggestive exercises for the student.

If Conrad was right in saying that "all art must appeal primarily to the senses," then Professor Sherman is perfectly logical in seeking to develop the writer's senses, his powers of observation and feeling. Then, regarding words as the artist's symbols, it is an easy step to fit the perfect word to each observation or impression. A long stride is thus taken toward developing a strong style, for, whatver else may be demanded, a style must be flexible, bending to the subject and following every shade of meaning, every wave of sensation. Taught in this way, composition is seen to dovetail with life, its problems become attractively concrete, and it becomes the natural means of acquiring knowledge of life and human nature.

Unlike many novel theories, this one of Professor Sherman's cannot be brushed aside as being innocent of foundation. It is solidly supported by the incontestable facts of literary history. If we imagine a curve fluctuating throughout history between interest in the concrete and interest in the abstract, it is impressive to notice that the three great periods of literary eminence in England—the Ages of Chaucer, of Shakespeare, and of Wordsworth—coincide with the periods when our imaginary curve touches interest in the concrete; conversely, the three alternate barren periods—1500, 1700, and 1900—coincide with periods when the curve falls to interest in the abstract. For like the hero of the ancient fable, literature draws its abiding strength from Mother Earth, and when the contact is broken literature withers and dies. Here at last we have a book, based upon a theory which history has verified, surveying territory hitherto without chart or signpost in a scientific and inductive fashion.

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THE OVERBURY MYSTERY. By His Honor JUDGE EDWARD ABBOTT PARRY. New York: Charles Scribners Sons. 1925. $5.

THE CANNING WONDER. By ARTHUR MACHEN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $3.50.

MURDER, PIRACY, AND TREASON; a Selection of Notable English Trials. By RAYMOND POSTGATE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. $2.50.

THE ROGUES' BOOKSHELF: Volume I; The Pleasant History of Lazarillo de Tormes. With a general introduction to the Bookshelf by CARL VAN DOREN. New York: Greenberg. 1926. $2.

THE NEWGATE CALENDAR. Introduction by HENRY SAVAGE. Hartford, Conn.: Edwin Valentine Mitchell. 1926. $3.50.

THE BOOK OF GALLANT VAGABONDS. By HENRY BESTON. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1925. $3.

THE BOOK OF THE ROGUE. Edited by JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. $3.

THE BENCH AND THE DOCK. By CHARLES KINGSTON. New York: Brentano's. 1925. $3.50.

A GALLERY OF ROGUES. By CHARLES KINGSTON. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1925. $3.50.

CROOKS: Confessions. By NETLEY LUCAS. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1926. $3.50.

THE LIBRARY OF CRIME: Unsolved Murder Mysteries. By CHARLES E. PEARCE. Famous Crimes and Criminals. By C. L. MCCLUER STEVENS. Famous Judges and Famous Trials. By CHARLES KINGSTON. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1926. $2.50 per volume.

Reviewed by EDMUND L. PEARSON

HERE are thirteen books, each with an American imprint. Looking at them makes me imagine that, in the council rooms of American publishing houses, dialogues like this have been going on:

"Look here! We ought to publish something about crime: everybody's doing it."

"About what?"

"Crime."

"Spell it."

"Oh, you know,—murder and robbery, rascals and rogues and pirates."

"Is that what you want? Well, we can do that. There are two ways: we can get somebody to compile an anthology from the old books, from English and French sources. Or we can import a book by an Englishman."

"Nothing else?"

"Absolutely nothing. We don't have any crime in America."

This, it has seemed to me, is the sober judgment of American publishers, as reflected by their works. Almost it converted me into accepting the staggering opinion I once heard expressed by one of two Englishwomen who were managing a small book shop in New York.

"You know," said one of them, "you don't have any murders in the States, do you? None that I ever hear of, at all events."

All that I could do was to make a faint sound in my throat, to indicate that of all strange criticism of my country, this was the wildest. Perhaps, however, they ignored our newspapers and read only our books. And during this season, if they had passed by the solitary exception among our books, Walter Noble Burns's original and vigorous "Saga of Billy the Kid," it would be easy for them to think that we have to import all our sinfulness, especially our homicide in the pages of English books.

In the list printed above, an American anthologist, Mr. French, makes a well chosen selection, chiefly from English or French writers, in his "The Book of the Rogue." Only one American rogue squeaks in: Slade the outlaw. Another American writer, Mr. Van Doren, writes the introduction of the first volume in an attractive series, "The Rogues' Bookshelf." In all the thirteen volumes, however, the name of only one American appears, as the original author of a volume; this is Mr. Henry Beston. And here it is noticeable that he is not dealing with criminals nor rogues, merely with "vagabonds." Some of them are highly respectable persons, like Trelawney, the friend of Shelley, and the book is not altogether at home among these biographies of the criminous.

The attitude of the American publisher toward crime is, however, changing. While he denies, for the most part, that we grow anything of the kind in America, he no longer thinks it necessary to make it clear that his position about it is the same as President Coolidge's pastor's toward sin. He does not always and invariably feel that books on this subject ought to be badly bound, and poorly printed on bad paper. Indeed, the Messrs. Scribner, Houghton Mifflin, Boni & Liveright, Mr. Knopf, Mr. Greenberg, and Mr. Edwin Valentine Mitchell, by these presents, deem it possible to put out books physically well made, with no apparent fear that some one will accuse them of showing an approval of the crimes described therein. One ancient convention is being upset.

Judge Parry, author of "The Overbury Mystery," is one of the conscientious writers on the subject of crime. The others, in England, are Mr. Machen, whose magazine articles on famous murders may yet be collected, Mr. William Roughhead, and Sir John Hall. Miss Tennyson Jesse shows no sign of writing another book on murder; she has one good volume to her credit. Mr. William Bolitho's first plunge into this red sea has been long awaited, and should be interesting. In the present book, Judge Parry describes the great historical mystery of the death, in the Tower, of Sir Thomas Overbury. It is a colored pageant of crime and intrigue, involving the highest, like King James I, and the lowest, like apothecaries' boys and magicians. The same story was much more briefly, and perhaps a little less sentimentally, told in "The Fatal Countess," the title essay of Mr. William Roughead's book. But there is much good reading in Judge Parry's work.

Arthur Machen, in "The Canning Wonder" tells again the often told riddle of Elizabeth Canning, who fooled Fielding the novelist, but does not fool her present historian. Elizabeth was the spiritual ancestress of all the girls who nowadays are whisked away in big, gray motor-cars, and turn up later with a sad tale of abduction and imprisonment by bad, bad men. There is no murder in the story, although there was nearly the judicial murder of a poor old woman around whom the Canning girl wove her net of lies. Mr. Machen has extended his tale a bit, but he gives a fine picture of old inns, and of wayside life in the eighteenth century. I wonder does any memory of Elizabeth Canning linger in Wethersfield, Connecticut,—for this English girl finally died in the same American town in which Gerald Chapman recently expiated his crime.

There is a good selection of English and American trials. Some very old and a few rather recent, in Mr. Postgate's "Murder, Piracy, and Treason," but the book has no notable bite. In the series, "The Rogues' Bookshelf," for which many volumes are planned, the lover of the picaresque romance and biography will find all that he could wish. Mr. Edwin Valentine Mitchell presents a mere fraction of the Newgate Calendar in his handsome one volume edition. The illustrations are great additions. Those who are devoted to that chronicle will long for the fuller version in a four volume edition recently published. Who reads the Newgate Calendar? Booksellers love to talk about it, and press expensive editions upon their customers. A collector of books on crime is jeered out of court unless he owns it. It is a pleasing curiosity; I am glad to own this new edition, and one of the older ones as well. But, as a matter of enjoyment, I would rather *read* one volume of the current "Notable British Trials Series" than all the Newgate Calendars between here and Tyburn Hill. In books on crime, I am all for the moderns.

Mr. Beston's "Gallant Vagabonds" are to be commended, but not for those seeking tales of bloodshed. These are cheerful essays upon little-known wanderers like Ledyard, the American traveler; Belzoni, the explorer; Edward John Trelawney, and Arthur Rimbaud. Mr. French, to make his "Books of the Rogue," draws upon such writers as Stevenson, Dumas, Charles Wibley, Thackeray, and Oscar Wilde. It is a good rally.

Netley Lucas's "Crooks: Confessions" is for people who like the tabloid newspapers put between book-covers. It has no overwhelming suggestion of genuiness about it; but if you can thrill to such headings as "Secret Orgies of London's *Haute Monde*," and hope that you are going to be shocked, the book is clearly indicated. Toward the end of the list the name of Mr. Charles Kingston figures three times. Three books are about Mr. Kingston's spring crop; he writes early and often, and this is a pity, for he can write well. In one of these books, "Famous Judges," there is an excellent story of the murder of the Rev. Mr. Huelin. But his work is hasty and often confused; I do not know whether it is hurriedly compiled from the pages of some London ha'penny evening paper, but it leaves that impression. In the two separate volumes by Mr. Kingston, and in the three volumes of "The Library of Crime," there are readable pages lost in a tangle of inconsequential anecdotes. "The Library of Crime" consists of books published before, both at home and here. They are not well made books; even their second rate material deserved something better than this dress.

Some of these books by Mr. Kingston, and his associates, Mr. Stevens and Mr. Pearce, have re-appeared in various editions in both England and America. "Famous Crimes and Criminals" and "Unsolved Murder Mysteries" were both mentioned in an article in *The Saturday Review*, written by me, as long ago as October 11, 1924. Both of them devote a number of pages to American crimes.

H. D.'s Poems

POEMS OF PURSUIT. The Collected Poems of H. D. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOLA RIDGE

In these poems I feel a consciousness strong and pagan, and in the modern sense, intensely aware. Their continuity implies a concentration, almost a consecration, of purpose that gives them the quality of a single song. Each is illumined as by a fine ray like a searchlight that lingers for a moment and passes on as though ever straining for a further objective. It is a pursuit in which the sharpness of desire permits of no relaxation. Always there is that stark intensity of the moment before attainment. And in this H.D. is curiously un-Greek. Luminous and hard as marble her clear songs hold none of that complacence that is the result of an achieved perfection such as we find in Greek art. They have not the sated serenity of the Greek models that have so obviously inspired this poet and helped model the delicate contours of her thought. That she has been so influenced cannot be solely due to the chance impetus given by early study and reading. It is rather that the record of Greek genius—that perhaps more than that of any people—attained its æsthetic goal—remains both a stimulus and a reassurance.

"Beautiful lines" abound. Yet it is not possible to convey anything of H.D.'s high æsthetic quality by direct quotation. Her work is not so much stripped of as innocent of ornament—who goes alone to the bath wears no rose-colored veils. Color there is in plenty. It is never painted on but in the very fibre of things, in its place like blood. Her poems seem to shine from within as with a white lustre, but she never snares light upon a bit of glass and holds it up to dazzle other eyes. There is little in her poetry to suggest that she ever thought of a possible audience. Here is beauty, white and slim and beaded only with the salt foam, a beauty as unmarred by self-consciousness as that of a naked boy moving along the edges of the sea.

H. D. has transmitted her own living essence into the old gods on whose names she calls and whom she placates with offerings sharp and fresh of her own salt life. She brings gifts to a Palamon who will look with her own intent eves on "this strange creature like a weed." Her range is narrow in that she takes no cognizance of horizons or of the mass movements of humanity. Yet she knows love—its cruelties and its unbelievable treacheries. Pain has hardened to a rounded beauty in her strong thin hands that may quiver but never slacken and lose their hold.

It has been said that her poems are not related to her age, but only superficially is this true. In the profoundest sense they are related to this and to every age, as deep-growing sea flowers are related to the sea though not to the exterior phenomena that agitate its surface. Her lines like the marsh grass she loves have an invincible and bladed life. There is restraint but no stiffness, H.D. moves swiftly in a continuous and balanced flight. When she alights it is as a bird does, lightly, curiously, soon to arise again, leaving only the faintest claw-print in the sea salt on some bare rock. Like her own violet

your grasp is frail
on the edge of the sandhill
but you catch the light—
frost a star edges with its fire.

I think she is for time.

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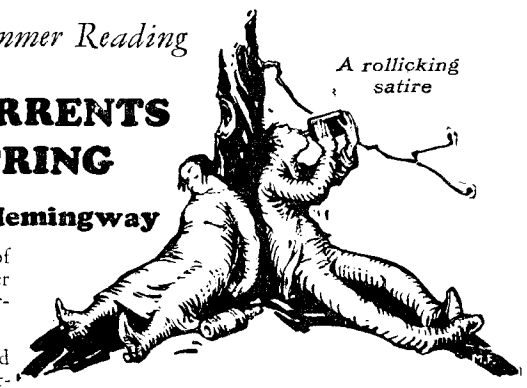

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A Letter from Spain

By Isabel de Palencia

THE present moment is one of great interest in the Spanish world of letters. The simultaneous appearance of books by some of the most significant writers of the day has, again, brought forward the ever-recurring question: Are we, or are we not, yet in possession of the true conception of art? Is there, or is there not, anything new under the sun?

Certainly the efforts of the different movements in quest of future modes of expression seem to have been brought to a standstill, after innumerable failures, and first three novels which have attracted the attention of the critics this season in Spain are, as regards form, almost a retrogression into the past, not so much as samples of literature but as individual proofs of their authors' temperaments.

Each one of these writers, far from abandoning his baeten track in search of virgin soil, has affirmed the technique initiated long ago in previous books, and less definitely maintained in later years. One might almost say that they have all gone a step or two back, in order to make sure they were standing on their own ground and not on someone else's as though they had suddenly realized that it is dangerous to lose hold of the theories and practice on which personality has been built up. This is particularly true in what regards Vicente Blasco Ibanez's latest production. "El Papa del Mar" (The Pope of the Sea), a modern love story, intermingled with a most interesting historical incident. The Spanish novelist achieves, in this new book, one of the most brilliant and definite proofs of his talent. In luminous grace, in vitality, in emotion, it surpasses Ibanez's finest creations and, added to these qualities, one finds the maturity of thought and greater knowledge of structure evident in his later works. The same free and vigorous inspiration which gave life to the characters in "Cañas y Barro," "La Barraca," and other novels of the first epoch, has developed those of the "Papa del Mar." The intervening years may have served to enrich the author's experience and widen his view of life in general but he has been obliged to go back to his own familiar surroundings to be enabled to express the very best and finest which is in him.

Blasco Ibañez is a Latin *par excellence*, and his ideas are enclosed in a more beauteous form if nurtured in the sensuous, brilliantly colored, perfumed gardens which surround the Mediterranean. In such scenes the author's imagination grows, his feelings expand, and the characters of his book emerge from the radiant background with faultless precision and strength. The writer seems to revel in this new description of his loved "scenario," and in drawing the tenacious character of the Spanish Pope. The historic evocation is cleverly blended into the present day romance, the action of the latter being developed in the very places in which history left its mark. A man and woman, together, visit the interesting site of Pope Luna's residence near the blue southern sea of Europe. The man sings love's eternal poem and the woman finally surrenders to its charm. In spite of the simplicity of the narrative attention grows with each succeeding chapter and one is captivated by the beauty of the descriptions.

Like Blasco Ibañez, Don Armande Palacio Valdés renews in his readers the impressions produced by his first works in the novel lately appeared and signalled by great success. "Santa Rogelia" is, according to the author himself, "a story of present-day life which might be taken for a narrative of the Middle Ages," so distant is it from the kind of book the public nowadays generally devours, so devoid of all sensational effects and sensual tendency. This is more than made up for by the charm of the story itself, by the touching nobility of the central figure, that of the heroine "Rogelia," and by the humorous strain which is like the underlying current of all the works of this author and has led his commentators to compare his vision to that of sundry British writers, among others Dickens, although his wit is expressed more simply and his irony is less caustic and bitter than that of most writers endowed with the gift of "making fun" of things and life in general.

It has often been said that Palacio Valdés and Galdos are the two modern Spanish writers who have most interestingly, and truthfully, portrayed feminine characters and certainly few heroines of fiction can equal the charming naturalness of this new creation of Palacio Valdés. Rogelia is as essentially feminine as she is Spanish: tender, passionate, active, and at the same time dreamy; practical at times and at others capable of complete inmolation, the contrasting shades of her spirit are drawn in the most convincing and attractive manner.

"Doña Ines, Historia de Amor," by Azorin, is another proof of an author's stability and faithfulness to personal taste. With a plot, so simple that one almost forgets its existence, this master of subtlety draws a succession of charming pictures with the old city of Segovia in the year 1840 as a background, and once more his readers delight in the quaint and precise beauty of his language. Like Proust, Azorin loves to detail each small incident of his story with as much care as its more important events. In his peculiar style he reduces whole paragraphs to a few concrete sentences and achieves description by small connected drawings of every single thing contained within the scene of his story. Certainly the characters of Azorin's new book are like those of his other works, lacking in vitality and in all those other gifts which are part of life, but this does not imply absence of beautv and even of tenderness; the tenderness that is born from knowledge and not from feeling.

Foreign Notes

AMONG the many books on Fascism that have appeared since Mussolini assumed the reins of power one of the most interesting is Giovanni Gentile's "Che Cosa e Fascismo?" (Florence: Vallechi). Senator Gentile is a profound scholar, with a searching and original mind, and a well-developed political philosophy, and he approaches his subject from the springboard of a knowledge of the past. His comment is illuminating, and his conclusions are interesting. Quite as informed, and more constructive, than Senator Gentile's books are two by Othmar Spann, "Der Währe Staat" and Treue and Falsche Wissenschaft" (Leipzig: Queller & Meyer). Professor Sp builds up a political philosophy and t relates it to the present state of world, drawing effective illustrations fr the workings of Fascism in Italy.

J. Fransen's "Les Comédiens Franç en Holland au XVIIe et au XVIIIe Siècles" which Champion of Paris has recently issued is a volume which should prov of value to students of the drama. I contains detailed lists of players and thei repertory, their theatres, their patrons their careers, and other similar facts appearing in contemporary archives an documents.

Richard Strauss's son, Franz, has edited a collection of letters exchanged betwee his father and von Hofmannsthal during their collaboration over the years 1907 t 1918 which ought to prove exceedingly in teresting to the student of music. "Rich ard Straus: Briefwechsel mit Hugo vo Hofmannsthal" (Berlin: Zsolnay) show the relations between the two men neve to be more than one of high regard, an makes evident a fundamental difference o approach between them. Von Hofmann sthal was the librettist,—primarily con cerned with the work under construction a a drama in which every line must be a well conceived and well executed as pos sible, and to which the music must be fitted while Strauss was the composer who realized that the audience would not get half of th words sung, and consequently indifferent t the details of the text.

The third volume of Fortunato de Al meida's "Historia de Portugal" (Coimbra the author) has recently appeared from th press. The book which covers the perio from 1385 to 1580, is largely made up o quotations, but since they are derived fron original sources and chosen with excellen discrimination, it presents an unbiased an illuminating view of an important perio in Portuguese history.

Corrado Ricci, whose "Beatrice Cenci" has recently appeared in this country, ha now issued an excellent volume entitle "Umbria Santa" (Milan: Treves). Signo Ricci sketches in delightful fashion th Umbrian background and history, and the proceeds to a study of St. Francis and comparison between him and St. Dominic Other Italian saints enter into his narrative and art naturally takes an important plac

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later

Belles Lettres

POETS AND THEIR ART. By *Harriet Monroe.* Macmillan. $2.50.

THE ELEMENT OF IRONY IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By *F. McD. C. Turner.* Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

NEMESIS. By *Michael Monahan.* Frank, Maurice. $3.

Biography

SOCIAL AND DIPLOMATIC MEMORIES (1902-1919). By SIR J. RENNELL RODD. Longmans, Green. 1925. $7.50.

In many respects this, the last volume of the author's memoirs, is more entertaining than the previous two; certainly it is far more likely to interest the general reader and to be of value to the historians of our time.

During the eighteen years of Sir Rennell Rodd's official career which form the contents of this book he attained ministerial rank and represented his country at Stockholm during the Scandinavian crisis which resulted in the separation of Norway from Sweden, and at Rome where he remained for nearly twelve years as ambassador. By far the greater part of the volume is taken up with his life in the Italian capital.

Very obviously and with evident sincerity the author has striven to produce a record of his experience culled from his diaries that will shed yet another ray of light on the origins of the Great War. Sir Rennell Rodd, of course, had exceptional opportunities of meeting and even knowing most of the pre-war statesmen, not only in Italy and in Scandanavia but in many other parts of Europe. His impressions of these men and their conversations with him are, one feels, mere records admirably recounted; but either the author has been too discreet or too sanguine, for these impressions, as full of interest as they are, lack convincing significance. The author's talks with von Bülow, for example, prove very little one way or the other, which is what one would expect, and are mainly intellectual exercises.

The "chief good," as Aristotle says, of this book, and, indeed, of the previous two, is its brilliant literary style. There is nothing ornate about it, no striving for effect; the composition is in method neither dramatic nor sensational; it is autobiography straightforwardly written with emphasis and point marked by an admirable choice of words which makes for great beauty of expression as simple as it is powerful.

Second to the style, for which this book alone is worth reading, is the content, and this principally concerns Italy. It must be enough here to say that very few books have done as much justice to that country and to its people as this one. None has been more sympathetically critical and none has contained a richer appreciation of the artistic value of the land of the Cæsars, both ancient and modern.

OUR AMERICAN CARDINALS. By *James J. Walsh.* Appleton. $2.50.

OLD DAYS IN CHAPEL HILL. By *Sammerell Chamberlain.* University of North Carolina Press. $3.50.

Drama

FULGENS AND LUCRES. By *Henry Medwall.* Edited by F. S. Boas and A. W. Reed. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

AS I LIKE IT. By *William Lyon Phelps.* Scribners. $2.

BRIDE OF THE LAMB. By *William Hurlbut.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

THE SHANGHAI GESTURE. By *John Colton.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

Fiction

THE MANTLE OF MASQUERADE. By STEUART M. EMERY. Dutton. 1926. $2.

Farce of the broadest, refraining only at the verge of pie-throwing from such naive antics, Mr. Emery's comic novel may not serve to amuse readers of a more cultivated sense of humor. Terry Warren, young, jovial, irresponsible, is left temporarily in charge of his uncle's Westchester estate. Although a fashionable week-end party, of which he is the host, impends, Terry rashly offers hospitality to four stranded "barn-stormers," a tragedian, an elderly wardrobe mistress, a pretty ingenue, and a cheeky "ham" who plays the hero parts in their lean repertoire. The house servants, objecting to the mummer's presence, desert Terry in a body, their defection giving the quartette of actors opportunity to aid him in surviving the exigencies of the week-end by filling the rôles of menials. Thenceforth, of course, the action is obvious.

ROPES OF SAND. By ROSE L. ELLERBE. David Graham Fischer Corp. 1926. $2.

The author of this brightly-hued romance of California in the eighteen-thirties, has deeply familiarized herself with the historical realities of her setting and people. As clearly too, she has unearthed the richest kind of materials for the type of story she attempted to write. But her actual accomplishment is so marred by crude writing, by a lack of rudimentary craftsmanship, and a bungling ineptitude throughout, that the high possibilities of the tale are rendered completely negative.

AS A MAN SOWS, and Other Stories. By GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD. Dutton. 1926. $2.

Old maids and blighted love seem to be an obsession with Miss Litchfield, since nearly half of these thirteen short stories are governed by the experiences of unhappy spinsters dully grieving for what might have been and by the tragedies of the heart arising from obedience to duty or the breaking, with dire consequences, of moral bonds. The author's variations of her favorite themes are not enlivened by any brilliant or ingenious turns of development. She writes smoothly, though with a style indistinguishable from that of innumerable other feminine workers in the field of the brief tale, her chief weakness seeming to be a lack of technical resource and an absence of imaginative vitality. Now and then a character will spring up twittering the magic word "Surprise!", to which a sour reader may bluntly mutter: "We knew it all the time." Occasionally the narrative evolves substantially from the stale device of fragmentary gossip patched up in a semblance of resurrected realities, one old girl in the circle being urged: "Go on! Tell us!", to be seconded unanimously by her companions: "Yes! Then I'll tell one." The book should prove hard going for the mentally and emotionally uncrushed.

ALL AROUND ROBIN HOOD'S BARN. By WALTER A. DYER. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $3.

Twenty-three dogs of favorite or especially interesting breeds, and one appealing mutt, are represented as belonging in a New England village, and acquainted among themselves. They appear in semi-stories, strung together, and there is a strand of a human love story. Mr. Dyer knows most of his breeds, and has known individuals, by heart. He can write a faithful sketch of a typical personality. Others he either does not know as well or doesn't greatly care for; these seem brought in because of their popularity. His book is for dog lovers easily pleased as readers. For others, its pleasantest feature is Charles Livingston Bull's illustrations—the better of the colored ones; Mr. Bull is lost with pen-and-ink. He seemed, years ago, on the way to strong work, but although he has done much that is charming, he has never developed the final essential degree of artistic sincerity.

THE THREE STUDENTS. By HALDANE MACFALL. Knopf. 1926. $2.50.

Ten years or more ago Haldane Macfall, an Englishman with a sense of justice and admiration for a slandered poet, set about the task of cleansing the great name of Omar Khayyam. Certainly this was one of the chief aims of "The Three Students," now published in America for the first time. But Mr. Macfall's admiration proved stronger than his sense of justice. With the clay of fiction, he fashioned the figure of a perfect man. Only the breath of human life is lacking, as it will always be to the conceptions of sentimental idealism.

Two other historic persons share the honors of the book with Omar. They are Aboo Ali, a great Persian statesman, and Hassen Sabbah, chief of the white-robed assasins. These three march at the head of a jostling procession of roistering students, harem beauties, eunuchs, intriguers, men-at-arms, emperors, grand viziers, queens, phil-

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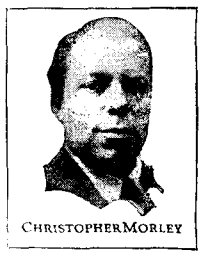

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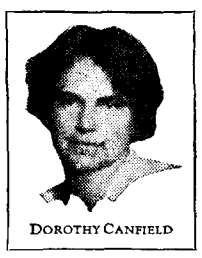

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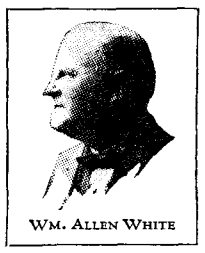

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued on preceding page*)

osophers, and fools. The spectacle will make satisfactory diversion for lazy summer afternoons.

Mr. Macfall may be said to be the best forgotten established author now living. His American publishers, it seems, are attempting to resurrect his prestige. "The Wooing of Jezebel Pettyfer" was a first successful effort in this direction. Now comes "The Three Students," and other books from his considerable list of works will undoubtedly follow.

CO-ED. By OLIVE DEANE HORMEL. Scribners. 1926. $2.

Student life at the great universities is often described by those in revolt against it as trivial, false, devitalized. Miss Hormel, on her knees before dear old Alma Mater, succeeds in painting the picture precisely in these tones. Her book is, in fact, a dismally faithful record of one favored girl's progress through four years of undergraduate futility. Beyond its value as documentary evidence, there is little to be said for "Co-Ed." Lack of perspective apparently prevents the author from placing any intelligent interpretation on her collection of commonplace facts. Her attitude throughout the book is that of a loyal booster for the old school.

ADVENTURE'S BEST STORIES, 1926. Edited by ARTHUR SULLIVAN HOFFMAN. Doran. 1926. $2.

The editor of this book has culled out of the thousands of stories in *Adventure* during the past fifteen years a handful of the "best." There are sailors in it as thick as beggars in Shanghai. Sailors afflicted with love-madness leap overboard, trying to wring the neck of the screaming albatross; sailors in the South Seas torture native kings for pearls; a sailor cast up on Cape Horn sees his last chance of life swept away from him; and a crazy skipper sacrifices members of his crew like fleas for a bit of far-fetched irony. When sailors give out, there are always "the most notorious camp bully and gambler west of the Rockies," plenty of revolvers, mauser rifles, black knives in black hands, South America, and Africa.

Examination has not yet shown any blood circulating in these tales, despite all that is spilled on the ground. The figures are cut out of tin according to standard patterns, and coated with a bright-colored and factitious sheen of adventure.

TRAVELLING MEN. By *W. Dowsley*. Stokes. $2.

CIRCE'S ISLAND AND THE GIRL AND THE FAUN. By *Eden Phillpotts*. Macmillan. $2.50.

TOM FOOL. By *F. Tennyson Jessee*. Knopf. $2.50 net.

THE EDGE OF ETERNITY. By *Aida Rodman de Milt*. New York: Reader Publications.

THE CROOKED LIP. By *Herbert Adams*. Lippincott. $2.

SOUNDING BRASS. By *Ethel Mannin*. Duffield. $2.

History

THE DAYS OF DICKENS. By ARTHUR L. HAYWARD. Dutton. 1926. $6.

Mr. Hayward's pleasantly discursive chronicle of London life in the early Victorian period has a deliberate haphazardness that emphasizes the picturesque qualities of a time too near our own to have assumed the glamour of distance. It is a lively portrayal, which except for one brief excursion into the ugliness of child labor and the abuses of industrial life, lays the stress upon the comfortable and prosperous phases of the social England of the thirties to the 'sixties of the last century. Mr. Hayward writes with gusto, sketching into his narrative the inns and post-chaises of the time (with many a quotation from Dickens to point his own descriptions), the clubs, pleasure gardens, and street scenes of the day, inserting here a street-cry, there a snatch of popular song, and again an advertisement, and everywhere investing his account with illuminating detail. His chapters on the opera and theatre, with their vignettes of the most noted favorites of their day, his odds and ends of history and sidelights on more journalistic annals are close-packed and interesting. Indeed, his book in its entirety makes engaging reading.

THE CHRONICLES OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY TRADING TO CHINA. 1635-1834. By *Hosea Ballou Morse*. 4 vols. Harvard University Press.

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN. By *Licut. Col. W. A. Graham*. Century. $2.50.

ASIA. By *Herbert H. Gowen*. Little, Brown (Atlantic Monthly Press). $3.50 net.

THE CONQUEST OF NEW ENGLAND BY THE IMMIGRANT. By *Daniel Chauncey Brewer*. *Putnam*. $2.

Miscellaneous

THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY HYMN BOOK. Harvard University Press.

DISEASE PREVENTION. By *H. H. Waite*. *Crowell*. $4.50 net.

WOMAN'S DILEMMA. By *Alice Beal Parsons*. Crowell. $2.50 net.

THE BOOK OF WINE. By *P. Morton Shand*. Brentanos. $4.50.

SECRETS OF THE FRIENDLY WOODS. By *Rex Brasher*. Century. $2.50.

THE PUEBLO OF JEMEZ. By *Elise Clews Parsons*. Yale University Press. $7.50.

PRINTS AND BOOKS. By *William M. Ivins, Jr.* Harvard University Press. $5.

FAMOUS CRIMES AND CRIMINALS. By *C. L. McCleur Stevens*. Stokes. $2.50.

PEGASUS OR PROBLEMS OF TRANSPORTATION. By *J. F. C. Fuller*. $1.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ANATOMIC ILLUSTRATION BEFORE VESLINS. By *Fielding H. Garrison*. Hoeber. $2.

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO GIVE? By *Angelo Patri*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

THE PERILS OF AMATEUR STRATEGY. By *Sir Gerald Ellison*. Longmans, Green.

IF YOU MUST COOK. By *Jeannette Lee*. Dodd. Mead. $1.50.

HOW TO COMPOSE A SONG. By *Ernest Newton*. Dutton. $2.

EVERYBODY'S GUIDE TO RADIO MUSIC. By *Percy A. Scholes*. Oxford University Press. $2.

MUSIC EDUCATION IN AMERICA. By *Archibald T. Davison*. Harpers. $5.

GETTING OUT OF THE ROUGH. By *John M. Vander Meulen*. Doran.

THE COMPLETE AUCTION PLAYER. By *Florence Irwin*. Putnam. $2.50.

CATALOGUE OF PORTRAITS IN THE POSSESSION OF THE UNIVERSITY, COLLEGES, CITY AND COUNTY OF OXFORD. By *Mrs. Reginald Lane Poole*. Oxford University Press. 2 vols. $11.75.

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF ALTERNATING CURRENTS. By *A. T. Dover*. Pitman. $5.

LEATHER CRAFT. By *Herbert Turner*.. Pitman. $1.50.

GOLDFISH CULTURE FOR AMATEURS. By *A. E. Hodge* and *Arthur Derham*. Stokes. $4.50.

MODERN SPEECHES. By *Homer D. Lindgren*. Crofts.

WHAT GIRLS CAN DO. By *Ruth Wanger*. Holt.

MASTER-THOUGHTS. By *H. H. Emmons*. Canton, Ohio.

THE PEAKS OF MEDICAL HISTORY. By *Charles L. Dana*. Hoeber. $3 net.

THE WORLD'S BEST PROBLEMS AND MAXIMS. By *Gilchrist Lawson*. Doran. $2 net. . . ..

THE SHIP UNDER SAIL. By *E. Keble Chatterton*. Lippincott.

ENGLISH CLASSICS COMPLETELY ANALYZED. By *Thomas F. Clark*. Noble & Noble, 76 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Philosophy

COMPARATIVE PHILOSOPHY. By PAUL MASSON-OURSEL. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $3.50.

A comparison of Eastern and Western thought, which should reveal to us the logic and the psychology of the Eastern mind, would be worth a great deal. But the expectations excited by the title of the present book are not here fulfilled. Towards the end there are single chapters that contain acute suggestions and good bibliographies, and these will doubtless be of use to specialists. The rest of the book is decidedly dull, and will awaken no new enthusiasm for its subject.

THE HUMANIZING OF KNOWLEDGE. By *James Harvey Robinson*. Doran. $1 net.

HUMAN EXPERIENCE. By *Viscount Haldane*. Dutton. $2.

MATTER AND LIFE. By *Angela Marco*. Vinal. $2.

COMPARATIVE PHILOSOPHY. By *Paul Masson-Oursel*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

THE ART OF THOUGHT. By *Graham Wallas*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.75.

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY. By *Will Durant*. Simon & Schuster. $5.

THE MEANING OF PSYCHOLOGY. By *C. K. Ogden*. Harpers. $3.

NATURAL LAWS AND HUMAN HOPES. By *M. C. Otto*. Holt. 90 cents.

IMAGINATION. By *Benjamin Christopher Leeming*. New York: Schroeder.

Travel

THE LURE OF VIENNA. By ALICE M. WILLIAMSON. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2 net.

Vienna even in the tragic curtailment of her post-war days seems to exert over the stranger the fascination that was so abundantly hers in happier times. To Mrs. Williamson, who is adorer rather than admirer, she appears no less lovely in the rags of a Cinderella than in the pride of a Helen. Indeed the Austrian capital has so cast its spell over Mrs. Williamson that her book is rather the rhapsody of a lover than the description of a cool-eyed friend capable of discriminating analysis. Those who share the author's enthusiasm—and they will undoubtedly be the greater number of the travelers who have spent any length of time in the city—will enjoy revisiting through the medium of Mrs. Williamson's pages some of its more distinctive portions, and will recreate for themselves the outward features of that most aristocratic of all capitals. But the reader who has never seen Vienna will derive but an inadequate idea of its life and its appearance from her volume.

THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS. By HOMER CROY. Harpers. 1926. $2.

Fools laugh at other people: wise men at themselves. Homer Croy in "They Had to See Paris" leads us along the paths of wisdom, for if the theme of the book cannot claim to be Everyman's first visit to Europe it comes perilously close to being Everyamerican's. Details differ: not everyone has stopped at the Ritz, for instance, and a great many have managed to get along without a château for the season, but most of us considered our first "crossing" a "trip" and otherwise walked in the steps of the trippers.

The story of "They Had to See Paris" concerns itself with the Peters family of Clearwater, Oklahoma ("The Biggest Little City in the World and Getting Bigger Every Minute"), and their sojourn in the French capital on the proceeds of "oil." Not that the Pike Peterses were *nouveaux riches* in the sense that they had been without social standing before the advent of the oil: far from it. Pike owned the most successful garage in Clearwater, Mrs. Peters was a leading clubwoman of that metropolis, and Pearl gave more fudge, mah-jong, and slumber parties than any other girl in town. But with the definite acquisition of big money" Mrs. Peter sees that Oklahoma is scarcely worthy of her social steel, so to Paris they go, father, mother, son, and daughter. The two women lay definite siege to the *haute monde*, the son forms that French alliance without which no story of a young man in Paris is complete, and even the invulnerable Pike is beset by a Gallic houri.

The method used in creating the humor of the story is that of the cartoonist: strong blacks and whites, very little shading, and a grotesque exaggeration of type peculiarities. No one person ever ran so true to form as the characters Mr. Croy depicts. Life never cuts her patterns out quite so neatly. A qualification might be made in favor of Pike Peters who does occasionally burst through the puppeting into reality. His lonely wanderings about the city form refreshingly nostalgic oases in the vast expanse of mirth.

THE VENTURE BOOK. By ELINOR MORDAUNT. Century. 1926. $3.50.

Marseilles, Guadeloupe, Martinique, Panama, Tahiti, Samoa, Fiji, and the Tonga Islands have supplied Mrs. Mordaunt with color and background for her latest book.

She admits that it might have been easier to write the book at a desk in Fleet Street, but this has not been her way, and the result proves it. Mrs. Mordaunt has relied very little on memory or imagination; she has, through choice, applied something of the artist's method, and has painted a picture where she found it. The greater part of the book was written "sitting in boats and canoes, standing in crowded streets or market-places, in native huts, or in the door of a tent." Consequently, her chapters have a distinct flavor of actuality which leaves a vivid impression on the mind of the arm-chair adventurer.

Mrs. Mordaunt realizes that hot baths and linen sheets do not make for adventure. She therefore dispenses with the thought of them at the start. She knows that there is as much to be seen by night as during the daytime, and she never waits for adventure to come her way.

In "The Venture Book," Mrs. Mordaunt has most successfully mingled the personal and the impersonal. The reader continually feels that he is the one that is taking the trip, he senses something of the ecstasy of discovery, and the author's skilful presentation of fact has a decided educational significance.

BAEDEKER'S RHINE. Revised Edition. Scribners. $5.

NOMAD'S LAND. By *Mary Roberts Rinehart*. Doran. $2.50 net.

THE ARCTURUS ADVENTURE. By *William Beebe*. Putnam.

HELLAS. By *Georg Brandes*. Adelphi. $2.50 net.

THE PLAGUE PAMPHLETS OF THOMAS DEKKER. Edited by *F. P. Wilson*. Oxford University Press. $3.

ON THE MANDARIN ROAD. By *Roland Dorgelès*. Century. $3.

Brief Mention

AS this is the time of the year when one would fain be traveling, such a book as the first one on our shelf exerts a certain spell. Though it is doubtful whether many of us possess either the time or the money ever to fare over the Zogi Pass into the hobgoblin land of Ladak, still in *A. Reeve Heber's* and *Kathleen Heber's* "In Himalayan Tibet" (Lippincott, $6), one reads fascinated of the fairy-tale villages that lie under the spell of the giant Himalayan peaks. This book is a characteristic example of the modern type of travel book, the subject an out-of-the-way corner of the world, the treatment scientific and descriptive, with much anthropological information interestingly given.

The winter is best for Florida, but with our late Spring its balmy shores still lure, and a reissue of *A. W. Dimock's* excellently illustrated "Florida Enchantments" (Stokes, $5), is welcome. This is a standard volume on wild life and the pursuit thereof in Florida, before the days of the recent huge Florida boom. The photographs are by *Julian A. Dimock*, and this edition is is thoroughly revised. Another most interesting reprinting is that of *William Beebe's* "The Log of the Sun," comprising a group of his earlier nature sketches, no less charming, if less meaty and philosophical, than his later work. *Walter King Stone* furnishes it with fifty-two beautiful full-page illustrations in color (Holt, $5.). Finally, as the tides affect most voyagings, a popular but scientific book on the extraordinary phenomena of the tide, clearly and interestingly presented as in "The Tide," by *H. A. Marmer*, Assistant Chief of the Division of Tides of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey (Appleton, $2.50), treats matter as interesting as it is familiar. This is a very good library reference book as well.

Other reference works worth noting are "The Desk Reference Book" for office, home and library, by *William Dana Orcutt*, a revised and greatly enlarged edition of "The Writer's Desk Book," which for years has been the standard guide to good usage in printing houses, newspaper offices, large corporations, and on many library tables. The author was for many years the head of the University Press and is now associated with the Plimpton Press as typographical expert. (Stokes, $1.50). Again, one of the most complete collections of proverbs ever made, all the material being fully and completely indexed, is "Putnam's Complete Book of Quotations, Proverbs and Household Words," compiled by *W. Gurney Benham* (Putnam, $6).

Of new editions in the field of *belles lettres*, the beautiful collotype facsimile of ten letters from *William Blake* should first be cited. This book is in the series of collotype facsimiles published by The Oxford University Press, and is priced at eight dollars and fifty cents. The letters are from Blake to his patrons, *Thomas Butts*. There is an introductory note by *Geoffrey Keynes*. Brentano's reprints in one volume *M. G. "Monk" Lewis's* romance, "The Monk," a standard tale of eighteenth century horror. There is an introduction and a portrait of Lewis.

Turning to art, the "Memoirs of the American Academy in Rome" (Volume V), contains the last work of *C. Densmore Curtis*, a study of the contents of the Barberini tomb, with four other studies in classic archæology by other authors, all elaborately illustrated. This very beautiful paper-bound volume is printed in Rome. "Art Studies: Medieval, Renaissance and Modern," is edited by members of the departments of the Fine Arts at Harvard and Princeton Universities and is printed by the Harvard University Press in Cambridge. It consists of authoritative articles, elaborately illustrated, on a variety of art subjects ranging from the Antioch chalice to Buddhist painting and a quantitative theory of esthetic values. It is an admirable record of important work in 1925.

With three miscellaneous books we shall end our examination of the shelf this week. Here is "Midas or the United States and the Future," by *C. H. Bretherton*, in Dutton's "Today and Tomorrow Series" ($1). This is a fair and trenchant picture of the United States as the type example of what is going to happen to the world as a result of industrialization. The ideas are not new but the application of them is arresting. "Concerning Parents" (New Republic, Inc., $1), is a symposium of present-day parenthood, a group of essays by psychologists and educators on family relationship. Finally "The Life of Saint Paul, the Man and the Apostle," by *F. J.*

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Foakes-Jackson (Boni & Liveright, $4), is a critical and biographical study of the life and work of St. Paul, with an attempt to estimate his importance as a religious and historical figure. It presents him in the light of the known facts and circumstances of his age.

With the hot afternoons of summer coming on apace books for young people ought to be welcome as affording a means of amusement less strenuous than exercise. A small group of volumes has recently made its appearance, grading upward from tales for children of the nursery age to yarns for those just entering upon adolescence. For the very small folk come Mildred Batchelder's "Topsy Turvy Tales" (Scribner: $1.60), a pleasing story in which the honors are evenly divided between an invalid girl and the kitten which wanders in to cheer her solitude and open the way to friendly intercourse with other children; "Gray Noon Tales," by Minnie Belle Mitchell (*Bobbs-Merrill*), in which an old Southern mammy unfolds fanciful histories of birds and beast, interjecting now a bit of superstition and then a discreetly concealed didacticism; "Playmates in America," by Ransford Beach (Holt: $3), whose verses, it must be admitted, contain more of history than of poetry, and whose metrical versions of events in America's annals are accompanied by line drawings by Elsa Alison Hartman, and "The Middle Country," by Olivia Price (World Book Co.), a charmingly illustrated and gracefully presented narrative of a Chinese lad's adventures in his own lands which should win the interest of boys in our country. Somewhat older children will find instruction as well as entertainment in Amy Cruse's "The Young Folks' Book of Myths" (Little, Brown: $2 net), a concise and lively retelling of some of the famous episodes of mythology, and in Zoe Meyer's "Followers of the Trail" (Little, Brown: $1.50 net), a volume of stories of animal life in the wilds. Girls whose reading is still on the borderland between adult fiction and romances of more youthful character will enjoy Agnes McClelland Daulton's "Green Gate" (Century: $1.75), a story of considerable charm in which the fortunes of orphaned girls possessed of a load of debt left them by their father, a home in the country, willed them by an aunt, and endowed with a resolute spirit and high purpose work out their own livelihood and, incidentally, win happiness. Miss Daulton tells a wholesome tale without sentimentality. To girls of the same age Isabel Hornibrook's "Penrose Lorry, Torch Bearer" (Little, Brown: $1.75 net), a chronicle of the adventures of a group of Camp Fire girls whose wanderings carry them into the home of an Egyptologist should prove of interest; into a tale of girlish activity and budding romance incidental archæological information finds its way. Finally for boys are two books of well-tried type, the one an Indian yarn, "The War Eagle," by Elmer Russell Gregor (Appleton: $1.75), and the other "Uncle Sam's Sailors" (Appleton: $2), in which Fitzhugh Green, in a clumsily written narrative, presents details of navy life and paraphernalia. Indeed, the book is almost a circular for the United States Navy. In *Reginald Wright Kauffman's* juvenile romance, "Spanish Dollars" (Penn. $2), Nicholas Rowntree tells of his adventures in the American colonial war of the British against the French. It is a lusty, high-spirited narrative, alluringly illustrated, and an ideal book for boys.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY. By *Will Durant* (Simon & Schuster).

NOMAD'S LAND. By *Mary Roberts Rinehart* (Doran).

AFTERNOON. By *Susan Ertz* (Appleton).

H. S. J., Princeton, N. J., was so much interested in the study of Henriette d'Orléans d'Angleterre (1644-1670) in *Ethel Colburn Mayne's "Enchanters of Men"* (*Putnam*), *that he wishes to know if there are any modern biographies of this sprightly lady, and what sources of information about her are available for his reading. He has Mme. de La Fayette's "Histoire de Mme. Henriette d'Angleterre."*

THE headquarters of the *Guide* now being London, and Kensington at that, where Ethel Colburn Mayne lives, I could go to headquarters for this reply. She says that "your reader will find a great deal about Henriette d'Orléans in Saint-Simon's 'Memoirs' and in the book by Mme. de Motteville to which I refer more than once. Anatole France's preface to an edition of Mme. de La Fayette's 'Life of Madame' is a mine of information—perhaps your reader has not had that edition? There is a beautiful book on Louise de la Vallière by M. Lair, published a good many years ago in French and translated into English by myself. This is a masterpiece of its kind, and of course there is a great deal about 'Madame' in it, as in any book about La Vallière. Once he begins seriously reading about any prominent figure in the life of Louis XIV he will find (in any good public library) book after book suggesting itself. Mlle. de Montpensier is inexhaustible; he will find her own book, and any books about her, in any large library. Then there is his essay on her death by Littré, in his 'Médecine et Médecins,' which I quote and refer to. There is an English 'Life of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans,' by Julia Cartwright (1894), which would probably be good, but I went straight to the French sources and have not read any English lives of her."

Read that over, and according as you thrill, or otherwise, to that phrase "book after book suggesting itself," you may know yourself as student or not.

I don't see why "Enchanters of Men" would not make a working basis for a study club's program; it would be a welcome change from these "Women in the Making of History," and "The World's Famous Women," whose Ellis Island standards of admission bar out most of the interesting and historically important ladies of their periods. Not all the "enchanters" in this volume were no better than they should be: some were far better than they needed to be to get what was, after all, the only power they could exert on history. There are white witches in this book, and most of the black ones come to a bad end, which should appease the censor. In short, it is a series of studies of important women, good and not so good, whose specialty was indirect influence, a direction of energy often recommended to my sex.

"Did you mean," writes M. E. T., Chicago, exploding into italics, "to leave 'The Wind in the Willows' (*Kenneth Grahame, Scribner*), *with its exquisite chapter about Pan, out of your list of books about the Oldest God?"*

OF course not; it was just thickheadedness. This chapter presents the authentic Pan and nothing in contemporary literature touches it. *E. H. L., New Haven,* reminds me that B. E. K. should add to his collection of tales of fauns, satyrs, and the like. "The Celestial Omnibus," by E. M. Forster, sends a word of strong commendation for the ghost stories of Montague James, "Ghost Stories of an Antiquarian" (Longmans, Green), which she says are "the real thing and the best I ever read." They are my own first favorites in this class of literature.

W. M. H., Philadelphia, Pa., wishes to know more about Georgian silver and Sheffield plate.

"CHATS ON OLD SILVER," by Arthur Hayden (Stokes), and a companion volume, by the same author, "Chats on Old Sheffield Plate" (Stokes), will give the collector wise guidance and interest any lover of beautiful things by their many photographs. They are not too large to carry about on a trip abroad, and would make certain shop-windows of England even more alluring than they are, and that is enough to set most Americans a *trifle crazy.*

J. S. T., Falmouth, Indiana, is taking the enforced leisure of a broken arm to read up on the religions of the Aztecs and the Incas.

WHEN I read this letter, typed with the left hand only, I am abashed to recall how I plumed myself over my own single-handed performances with my uninjured right. It is curious what can be done if it must be: in the short time that my left arm was out of commission I developed such a degree of "dexterity" that now I feel as if I had three hands. This should come in handy for next winter's work. Lewis Spence's "Myths of Mexico and Peru" was published by Stokes in 1913. The same authority's fine work on "The Gods of Mexico" (Stokes) is of more recent publication. "Inca Land," by Hiram Bingham (Houghton Mifflin), is an absorbing record of explorations in the highlands of Peru, copiously illustrated; it makes an admirable approach to this subject. The student of mythology should know of the monumental production, "Mythology of All Races," in twelve volumes, seven dollars each, being published by Marshall Jones. The volumes on Celtic mythology, on that of Latin-America, on Egyptian and Indo-Chinese myths, to name some of the more striking of the series, are dazzling in erudition, in details of production, and in illustrations, both color and photographs.

E. K., Jackson Heights, N. Y., asks for a book on minor repairs about the house, and for books with suggestions for interior decorating, the making of lamp-shades, curtains and the like.

"TINKERING WITH TOOLS," by H. H. Saylor (Little, Brown), is a practical helper, clear in its directions, and covering the sort of repairs and upkeep that handy men in the country learn to perform without calling in an expert. This, as any New Englander knows, is a large range of activity. "Your Home Beautiful," by Lucy D. Taylor (Doran), is one of the most useful books for the amateur decorator that could be found. I was moving when my copy arrived and put it to use in a dozen unexpected ways. *House and Garden's* "Second Book of Interiors" (*House and Garden*, Greenwich, Conn.), includes arrangements for every room in the house, with color schemes for each, an outline of period furniture, and a portfolio on how to select and how to make curtains, lampshades, slips, covers, and other details of decoration. It is edited by Richardson Wright.

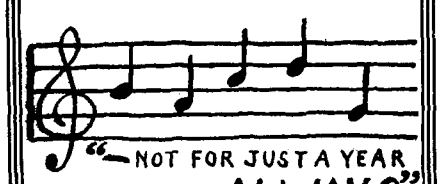
J. M. D., Evansburg, Alberta, asks for a book on careers for women, one that can be used by a club of young girls for vocational guidance.

"FIELDS OF WORK FOR WOMEN," by Miriam Simons Leuck (Appleton), has the advantage of being the latest book to appear in a field where data must be up to date to be useful. This manual, by a specialist working with the Y. M. C. A. in the University of Chicago, as social worker and as Girl Scout leader, shows what training and aptitude are required in numerous occupations, and what advantages and disadvantages they have. It is meant for high school as well as college girls; the latter are considered especially in a new book by the Personnel Director of Smith College, "Guidance for College Women," by Mabelle Babcock Blake (Appleton). This shows what guidance is planned in all colleges admitting women.

F. M., Davenport, Iowa, is planning a course of reading for a club with the title "Great Prophets of Today," to include "the men who have distinctive messages, philosophers, men of science, and letters, men of any country who are influencing thought today."

SOME four or five years ago Dr. E. E. Slosson prepared, possibly with study-clubs in mind, but certainly to their advantage, two books with titles almost the same as this. "Major Prophets of Today" (Little, Brown) presents criticism and personal reminiscences of Maeterlinck,

(*Continued on next page*)



(*We thank Mr. Irving Berlin for this happy phrase*)

IT'S actually true, one of our prominent subscribers has renewed his subscription to *The Saturday Review* in perpetuity. What's more, he did so though he intends making his residence in Europe for some time to come, feeling that thus, though living abroad, he will be able to keep fully in touch with literary matters in his own country.

This is the strongest vote of confidence and appreciation that we can expect to receive, and to have it come before *The Saturday Review* has completed its second year of publication is exciting.

Until this record-breaking renewal appeared we were proud of the fact that 72% of all subscriptions renewed during the last three months had been renewed for two years instead of the usual one-year period.

The strength of this response to our expiration notices must mean that our readers agree with Robert Bridges who says *The Saturday Review* is "the outstanding literary journal in America." Either that is the case or they are influenced by Harry Hansen's opinion that our subscription list should be the "roll call of American culture."

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Points of View

The Need of Philosophy

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Mr. I. A. Richards in his article appearing in your issue of June 5th has touched upon a problem which seems to be of the greatest importance. He has good reason to fear that the advance of the sciences, particularly of psychology, will so overwhelm humanity with a black chaos of bald facts that all aspiration will seem vain and all endeavor futile. This is a very real danger, and I have no doubt that the well-springs of creative effort in the soul of many an artist have been poisoned at the source by a mistaken conception of the implication of science. Mr. Richards thinks, with Matthew Arnold, that we shall be thrown back upon poetry, and that poetry can lead us to salvation. But unless the poet possesses a very positive faith in the value of poetry, I don't see how he will be able to create. Every artist must believe himself in some sense a messiah with an inspired message for mankind; otherwise the infinite labor and pain of creative effort would be impossible. What every man must have in order to live, and what every artist must have in order to create, is a positive faith which, satisfying his critical intelligence, gives to life a meaning.ing.

Today the intellectual scene is in confusion. Scientists are invading the precincts of religion which formerly were held sacred; churchmen are foolishly parading about in scientific fields where they have no business to be; moralists are turning irresolutely between science and religion; and finally the creative artists, bewildered by the claims of science, are filled with devastating uncertainties which make whole-souled creative effort impossible.

Where shall we look for a solution of the difficulties? My answer is: to philosophy.

To mention philosophy today seems almost an anachronism. Behaviorists have done their best to drive it out of court. But philosophy is as necessary to man as the air he breathes. To have philosophy of life is to have an attitude toward life that satisfies the mind—and the mind must be satisfied whether we have one or not. The function of philosophy today is not to erect a beautiful structure of words upon a basis of false or incomplete premises, but to criticize the pre-supposition of science, the principles of art, the precepts of morality and the doctrines of religion. Philosophy is the critical intelligence of mankind—it is from Missouri and demands to be shown. When psychologists make assertions about man which presupposes a clear conception of the nature of matter, of organism, and of life, the philosopher has a right to raise an incredulous eyebrow, for there is not a scientist living who can give a satisfactory definition of these three terms.

The business of science is to give man a true conception of reality; its function is to observe and organize facts in order that the laws of nature may be deduced. But facts as facts are worthless to man; it is the relation of facts to man that is important. And it is the business of æsthetics and not of science to arrange facts in a sequence of values. In the words of Havelock Ellis: "Science is the organization of an intellectual relationship to the world we live in: æesthetics is the organization of an emotional relationship to the world."

Under the heading æsthetics come art, morality, and religion—all of which are concerned with values. All three must turn to science for their facts and have no business to dispute with the science regarding the facts. But neither has science any business to dispute with them regarding values. Art is concerned with the relationship of man to nature as nature is perceived through the five senses. Art determines what is beautiful to look at, to hear, to taste and smell and touch. Morality determines what kind of conduct gives man a feeling of satisfaction as he passes through his environment. Religion is concerned with the emotional relationship of man to the universe that he cannot understand. But it is up to philosophy to sit in judgment upon the premises and conclusions of both science and æsthetics; to keep each within its own sphere and in the proper relationship to man.

Science is concerned with truth; æsthetics with beauty. Science appeals to the intellect; æsthetics to the emotions. But man is a single whole—a unified living organism. And his intellect and emotions are but two phases of that quality of the whole which we call the soul. Truth is that which satisfies the intellect; beauty is that which satisfies the emotions. And so in a sense truth and beauty are one, for each is defined as that which is satisfying to the soul of man.

Mr. Richards concludes that we will be saved by a poetry whose pseudo statements have been cut loose from belief. But what poet will be able to create when he knows in his heart that his poems are no more than fairy tales? To my mind the poet, like any other artist, must believe in the significance of his work or his efforts will prove sterile. And to achieve the sustaining faith that he needs he will ask philosophy to explain to him why poetry is as necessary to man as science or religion; and he will appeal to philosophy when pseudo-science encroaches with its deadening influence upon fields which properly belong to the poet alone.

My conclusion, then, is that before we can be saved by poetry there must be a recrudescence of philosophy in order that the creation of poetry will be made possible. And by philosophy I don't mean a web of words but the development of an attitude toward life as a whole which will satisfy the mind. If philosophy can keep each in its proper relation to man, then science and æsthetics can work in harmony together to make human life more joyous and more free.

GEORGE R. WALKER.

Boston, Mass.

More on the "Saints"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In response to Mr. Mather's reply to my objections to his criticism, may I point out the following:

1. I will leave the question of St. Galgano and the Last Suppers prior to Giotto to the end of my letter.

2. Under no circumstances was it necessary for me to include Beato Agostino Novello in my book, though I am quite as well aware of the pictures relating to his legend as your reviewer. Mr. Mather says "the student might wish it explained." The student might wish a number of things explained which have no place in a book on a fixed subject. Your reviewer goes on to say similarly, "the saints the omission of which your reviewer remarked are all represented in works of art." By this sentence, your reviewer deliberately leads your readers to believe that there are a number of other saints of whom he has remarked the omission, in view of the fact that he has already mentioned, with the exception of St. Victor of whom he speaks below, all the saints who according to him should be in my book.

In regard to the paragraph on the Trinity, I misunderstand nothing except Mr. Mather's absolute refusal to accept a fact, and I am perfectly willing to discuss in public or anywhere else the subject of the iconography of the Trinity or any other branch of that subject with your reviewer. My reference does *not* concern symbolism, and is a distinct literal representation of the members of the Trinity as three identical persons, each bearing his own symbol. Your reviewer's absolute refusal to look at the representation on page 33 (top left) and his reiteration of a totally false charge will be incomprehensible to your readers.

Again, your reviewer is absolutely wrong in contesting that "The Hunt of the Unicorn," and the presence of the Skull on Golgotha *require* a place in my book. I have mentioned the Unicorn in its proper place as the symbol of Chastity which accompanies St. Justina of Antioch, though it is frequently given as an additional symbol of St. Justina of Padua. I repeat, the title of the book is "How to Distinguish the Saints in Art," as Mr. Mather knows if he has read the book, *not* "The Meaning and Representation of Symbolism and Symbols in Art." With due respect to your reviewer, and in view of the clearly established aim of my book, there was no necessity to consult Rohault de Fleury. It is even possible that I know the significance of the Unicorn and also the Skull on Golgotha as well as your reviewer does, and if I did not put it in, I had a very sound reason for not doing so.

It is interesting to note that your reviewer acknowledges his error in regard to St. Victor though it is difficult to understand the sentence which follows his acknowledgment of error: "having sought a Saint more common in Italian Art than elsewhere under an Italian name. . . ." Again with due respect to your reviewer, my book is written in English, and if I were to give the names of every saint mentioned in it in Italian, it would have increased very largely and quite unnecessarily the index pages. If Mr. Mather was unable to find St. Victor because he was not with St. Vittorio, how on earth did he manage to find St. Lawrence who should have been, according to him, San Lorenzo? How did he manage to find the Blessed Virgin, who following his line of argument is Santa Maria? His argument is not only unsound, but knowingly unfair.

In regard to the Cano picture of St. Christopher, your reviewer states "with light-hearted enthusiasm," but apparently without a "plethoric scrap-book" that there are plenty of Spanish St. Josephs of this type. Will he be good enough to name one only, which would be quite sufficient to establish his case in my mind, in which St. Joseph is shown as a young man holding the Infant Christ by the hand? Such a representation is contrary to scripture, to begin with, and I do not understand the falsity of Mr. Mather's assertion on this point for he is as well aware of it as I am.

In regard to St. Galgano, the fact remains that he was a local saint of very minor importance and Mr. Mather's statement that he appears in Duccio's masterpiece "Majestas" is again incorrect. The saints represented in that picture are John the Evangelist, Paul, and Catherine of Alexandria, while on the right are John the Baptist, Peter, and Agnes. Below are the Bishop St. Savino, Ss. Ansano, Crescentius, and Victor, the patron saints of Siena at the time of Duccio. Nor is he in the "Majestas" of Simone Martini, where, again, the same four patron saints of Siena are represented. This is according to Mr. Mather's own preferred authority, Van Marle. In fact, Van Marle only mentions up to the year 1400 six pictures in which Galgano appears. Of these, three are by absolutely unimportant artists; Ugolino Lorenzetti, M. Di Filippuccio and Lippo Memmi; and a fourteenth century unidentified Pisan artist, while of the other three, Van Marle questioningly attributes one to Orcagna, and the other two to Bartolo de Fredi, and Andrea di Bartolo, respectively.

Here, then, is this terribly important saint whose absence from my book is the corner-stone of the edifice of lack of scholarship. Mr. Mather says that Galgano was a patron saint of Siena. I deny that assertion completely. Furthermore this saint is of such minor importance that his name does not appear even in the index of the Britannica, nor in Larousse, either in the big or the condensed edition, nor in Boccardo's New Italian Encyclopædia, nor in Mrs. Jameson's famous work, "Sacred and Legendary Art," nor in Mr. Clements, nor in Husenbeth whose book has constituted the authority on this subject for many years, nor in Drake whose great compilation of every saint, local and otherwise, comprises no less than five to six thousand names, nor in any of the other books on the subject which are used by students, nor even in the Catholic Encyclopædia. I have not had an opportunity of re-examining Voragine's "Legenda Aurea" (Ulm 1478), but in view of Galgano's absence from all other works on the subject, I doubt whether he appears in that. His omission, therefore, is not a great crime nor a serious defect from the point of view of the utility of my book as Mr. Mather should be fully aware. The only place in which I have found any mention of St. Galgano from the point of view of his importance as a saint is in a Spanish Encyclopædia in which mention is made of a Saint Galgano who was Abbot of a Cistercian Monastery in Siena, where he died in 1181. No mention is made of him as a warrior saint.

In regard to the question of the pictures of the Last Supper prior to Giotto, a careful examination of his own authority, Van Marle, fails to disclose the thirteen pictures prior to the Giotto representation of which Mr. Mather speaks. It is easy to take an index and count the number of representations as given in the list, but a careful examination of what is behind the index figure changes the situation very completely. By modern, which implies Western, in the mind of the arch historian, we mean the work done from the time of Cimabue on, and that division of time in the history of painting is universally recognized except by a number of hypercritical individuals who are more interested in their own notoriety than in producing evidence of value, but all the pictures of the "Last Supper" listed in the index by Van Marle, are either purely Byzantine or Romanesque, by which is meant a sort of recrudescence of the art of the Catacombs or the early Christian Basilica in Rome.

The "Last Supper" attributed hitherto by common report to Giotto—one of a polytych with a Tree of Jesse in the center—is most likely by Taddeo Gaddi. Nevertheless from the point of view of my book, the attribution, doubtful at the best, was of minor importance. Had it been a book on the History of Painting, such an error would have been inexcusable, but the case is different. Then, however, if the "Last Supper" in the Refectory of Santa Croce is not by Giotto, that in the Arena Chapel in Padua is, I believe, uncontested, and as that picture has the same composition as the Florentine one, my statement in regard to this question still holds good.

ARTHUR DE BLES.

New York.

The Reader's Guide

(Continued from preceding page)

Bergson, Poincaré, Metchnikoff, Ostwald, and Haeckel." "Six Major Prophets" (Little, Brown) dealt with Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, F. C. S. Schiller, John Dewey, and Eucken. Since then has a great light shone, Einstein, and Dr. Slosson has attended to him for the beginner in a piquant little book, "Easy Lessons in Einstein" (Harcourt, Brace). Certainly no account of present-day civilization can leave out Freud, and for the purposes of this group a beginning could be made with Edwin B. Holt's "The Freudian Wish and Its Place in Ethics" (Holt), though for the serious lay reader beginning a longer course of study Sigmund Freud's own "General Introduction to Psychoanalysis" (Boni & Liveright) is elementary and easily understandable.

A club embarking on such a course as this should by all means take on board the "Today and Tomorrow" series of little books issuing from the press of Dutton. It is marvelous to mark how the initial impuse of "Dædalus," and "Icarus" keeps successive volumes spinning ahead at such a rate of speed. They are prophecy, of course, but (save for a couple of volumes that fall below the standards), their foretelling is based upon inside information.

E. B., Sheldon, Iowa, asks for information on coöperative farming societies in foreign countries.

THERE are chapters on this subject in some of the histories of farming lately recommended to this inquirer in this column, but of the books devoted entirely to it and now in print in this country the greater number are concerned only with Denmark. "Denmark: a Coöperative Commonwealth," by F. C. Howe (Harcourt, Brace), is the latest of these, a brief and informing account interesting to the general reader. Another, published in 1917, is "Rural Denmark and Its Lessons," by Sir Henry Rider Haggard (Longmans, Green), in 1918 the same firm published an English adaptation of Hertel's "Andelsbevoegelsen i Danmark," Harold Faber's "Coöperation in Danish Agriculture." Senate Document 902 is "Notes on Agricultural Conditions in Denmark Which Served as a Basis for the Hon. M. F. Egan's Series of Lectures Delivered on Various Southern States," and Bulletin 1266 of the Department of Agriculture is C. L. Cristensen's "Agricultural Coöperation in Denmark."

Two historical studies might be added to the list, Isabel F. Grant's "Every-day Life on an Old Highland Farm" (Longmans, Green), and "The Mesta," by Julius Klein (Harvard Economic Studies, vol 21), a study in Spanish economic history.

I plunged through the pages of Beatrice Webb's "My Apprenticeship" (Longmans, Green), which is my present companion and delight and which is being read at a pace to make it last, in order to see if she touched this phase of the coöperative movement. But it is with consumers' coöperation that she is concerned in the chapters that tell of her gathering a "bunch of keys" to unlock the hidden stores of experience in the minds of officials, employees, and members, from aged Rochdale Pioneers on. This big book is one that I hope will be in every library in this country: in a way it is a sort of one-volume library. Incidentally, Mrs. Webb is a woman without vanity: on the jacket is a photograph of her taken by Bernard Shaw with the feet pointing into the camera. I haven't seen one of these since the kodak was a child.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

MEDIEVAL LYRICS

AIDED by a contribution from an anonymous donor, the University of Pennsylvania is preparing to publish a complete collection of all the lyrics of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, a period rich in lyric creation. The monumental musical work will be compiled by Professor Jean Baptiste Beck, of the university's department of romance languages, who, in 1909, made the first effort at a systematic revival and restoration of the music of the troubadours when he published in Paris his volume entitled "La Musique des Troubadours," and is considered the best living authority on the music of the Middle Ages. Since this important publication appeared, Professor Beck has extended his research on the evolution of music into the field of phonological music and folksong, and in 1919 he gave a course on this subject at Columbia University.

The twelfth and thirteenth century compositions for one voice only, and two, three, and four part songs, and will be systematically published in Professor Beck's work in a collection entitled "Corpus Cantilenarum Medii Aevi," in four series. The first series will begin to appear during the early part of 1927 and will be devoted to the songs of the troubadours and trouvères. The first volume will contain the complete collection of the songs of the troubadours, and the facsimiles of the manuscripts containing the songs of the trouvères will form volumes two to ten of this series. The second series will contain the polyphonic compositions of the same period and will fill eight additional volumes. The third series will comprise the musical plays and the lyric parts of mediæval drama, outside of liturgy. This series will include three volumes. The fourth series will be made up of a systematic collection of reproductions of musical instruments, followed by a glossary of musical terms of the time. The publication will be homogeneous in plan, size, and type. Each volume will consist of two parts: the exact reproduction of the manuscript in rotogravure, and the transcription into modern musical notation, with commentaries. It is clear from the prospectus that this publication will not only be of great value to students of music of the period, but to antiquarians who are interested in its literature and customs.

IMPORTANT LONDON SALE

THE library of Richard Bull, formed at the end of the eighteenth century, since removed from Northcourt, Isle of Wight, will be sold by its present owner, Lord Burgh, at Sotheby's, June 28 and 29. The character of the library lies in the fact that it is an untouched example of a collection formed by an eighteenth century dilettante and man of letters. Of such collections, whatever their quality, very few now exist. Unlike Michael Wodhull and many others of his contemporaries, Bull gave little attention to the classics. Dividing his interest between books and engravings, he devoted his greatest industry to the combination of the two; and as a pioneer of extra-illustration, produced works rivalled only by such as the late Mr. Crisp's monumental "French Engravers and Draughtsmen." Mr. Bull was also on intimate terms with Horace Walpole and gathered a remarkable collection of the Strawberry Hill publications. Many of the rarer leaflets are bound together in a volume with sets of the head and tail-pieces, notes by Walpole and Kirgate, and a water color drawing of the printing office at work, showing Kirgate setting up type.

COMING SALE AT HEARTMAN'S

THE auction season is considered at an end in this city, but some of the smaller houses will continue to hold occasional sales during the summer. A sale of Americana, consisting of autographs, broadsides, and pamphlets, selections from two private collections with additions, will be sold under the management of Charles F. Heartman, at Metuchen, N. J., June 29. The printed material includes rare imprints, Indian captivities, rare tracts on the American Revolution and the French and Indian War; the Indians and the Early West; some very important items relating to New Jersey, also some rare Connecticut pamphlets, and miscellaneous items of interest. There are many fine autograph letters, historical, literary, American, and foreign. The more valuable lots comprise fine letters of Benedict Arnold, Benjamin Franklin, Robert Fulton, General Greene, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, General Lafayette, Zachary Taylor, and General Washington. In short, this is an important sale well worth the attention of collectors.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A ROOM containing relics and manuscripts of Joel Chandler Harris has been established at Emory College, in Georgia.

The story of "Christie's: 1766 to 1925," by H. C. Marillier, illustrated in color and monochrome collotype, has just been published by Constable of London.

The first volume of the Julian edition of Shelley's "Works," to be completed in ten volumes, has come from the press. A second volume will soon follow, and the edition will be quickly completed.

A collection of 325 books and pamphlets relating to Jean Jacques Rousseau, formerly owned by Hippolyte Buffanoir, the French critic, has just been purchased for Princeton University library and received from France.

The first part of the 1925-26 volume of "Book Auction Records" published by Henry Stevens, Son, and Stiles, of London, has appeared, well ahead in matter of time, which will be appreciated by subscribers. This part brings the British sales up to nearly the end of last year. Perhaps its outstanding feature is the large amount of space given up to the record of first editions of modern authors.

The first two volumes are in the press of a new and greatly enlarged edition of Halkett and Laing's "Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudononymous Literature," and will soon be published by Oliver and Boyd, of London. The work, which will contain three or four times the number of entries of the first edition, and is to be completed in seven of eight volumes, has been edited by Dr. James Kennedy, Librarian, New College, Edinburgh; it was nearing completion when he died last year. W. A. Smith and A. F. Johnson, of the printed books department, British Museum, has undertaken to edit and complete the work.

Two days before he died the Rev. Herbert F. Westlake, minor canon and custodian of Westminster Abbey, completed the first volume of the Westminster Abbey Documents upon which he had long been engaged. The collection of manuscripts at Westminster Abbey is probably the largest and most important in private or semi-private possession in England. With the double object of rendering the documents accessible to historical students and constituting a worthy memorial to the scholar who had labored so devotedly among the Abbey antiquities, it is now proposed to continue and complete the task. P. B. M. Allan, who was closely associated with Mr. Westlake for many years, has undertaken to edit the remaining volumes, with the help of an associate.

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WE understand that the first editions of *Stephen Hudson* have become rare and sought-for items among booksellers. * * * Mr. *Edwin Muir* has characterized his work as rare and economical * * * We ourselves have taken no inconsiderable interest in his chronicling of Richard Kurt and Myrtle and Elinor Colhouse and so on. Now his latest novel has wandered our way a little belated. * * * It is "Richard, Myrtle and I." Here we have an exploration of the kingdom of artistic creation and a study of the relationship between woman and the artist. * * * Mr. Hudson works deftly and with keen insight. Don't forget him among modern writers. * * * On May 9th last died *Joseph Mallaby Dent,* a man to whom America is more indebted than it is aware. * * * If we say, J. M. Dent, you recognize immediately the famous English publishing firm. And you may or may not remember that Mr. Dent planned the Temple Shakespeare. * * * America as a matter of fact came to the rescue of his first large publishing enterprise, when his firm was still small. This was the publication of *Balzac's* entire "Comédie Humaine" under the editorship of *George Saintsbury.* * * * An order for a thousand sets from America, and another larger order, prevented this work from being a financial loss. * * * But there is one series through which J. M. Dent became known the world over. Yes, you've guessed it, "Everyman's Library." * * * Dent wished to see one thousand volumes of the world's best literature printed in this series. Well, seven hundred and eighty volumes have appeared and plans for many of the volumes to come had his careful consideration before he died. * * * The removal of the Temple Press to the Garden City at Letchworth, and a new undertaking, the "Kings' Treasuries of Literature," occupied Mr. Dent's last years. The future of his dreams lies now with his son *Hugh Railton Dent,* who has been his father's right hand in all his later mechanical and spiritual enterprises. * * * On the first of April last the Menorah alumni of the City of New York offered a prize of fifty dollars to that student in any of the colleges or universities in the City and State of New York who, during the academic year ending in 1926 produced the best original and distinctive work of Jewish interest in the fields of drama, poetry, literature, or Jewish problems. * * * Manuscripts should be in the hands of the Menorah Alumni Prize Committee, 167 West 13th Street, New York City, by October 1, 1926. Inquiries may be addressed to the same committee concerning the terms of the contest. * * * *Gerald Bullett,* who wrote "Mr. Godley Beside Himself," published in May "The Baker's Cart," a collection of thirteen stories of the grotesqueries of everyday life. * * * Two new stories by *Eden Phillpotts* are "Circe's Island and The Girl and the Faun." They are whimsical satire with a classic background. * * * Now that you've all read *Cameron Rogers's* "The Magnificent Idler," and have formed one opinion of *Walt Whitman,* look up one of the latest volumes in the new series of "English Men of Letters," and see what *John Bailey,* an Englishman, has to say of the immortal Walt. * * * This is a more conservative study of that genius. * * * We haven't read *William Bolitho's* "Italy under Mussolini," but if you wish to know the secret beginnings of the Fascist movement and its course to date, few better books could be found. * * * *Louis Bromfield,* still abroad, implies that his new novel "Early Autumn" will hit the happy mean between "The House of Seven Gables" and "The Little French Girl." Figure that out. * * * Two of *Percival Christopher Wren's* earlier books are being brought out by Stokes in the fall. They are "The Snake and the Sword," and "Father Gregory." * * * *Franz Werfel's* next work,—he who wrote "Goat Song," and "Verdi"—will be "Juarez and Maximilian, a Dramatic History in Three Phases and an Epilogue." * * * The play will be produced this fall by the Theatre Guild, and will be published in book form by Simon and Schuster, who also brought out "Verdi." * * * The translation has been made by *Ruth Langner.* * * * In Berlin and Vienna the play has made a great impression. The German production was under the supervision of *Max Reinhardt.* * * * The play is, of course, based on the tragedy of Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, who was shot while he was Emperor of Mexico. * * * Which reminds us that the best poetic drama we ever read of that exciting historical incident was one called, we think, "Maximilian," by the southern poet *Olive Tilford Dargan* * * * In the lives of Maximilian and Carlotta there is certainly great dramatic material. * * * that excellent book-seller, *Edwin Valentine Mitchell* of Hartford, who has recently turned publisher, has edited a miscellany for voyagers on all seas, entitled "The Steamer Book." Dodd, Mead publishes it. It's now in its third printing. * * * And Mitchell, at 27 Lewis Street, Hartford, publishes himself *Thomas Hunt Martin's* "The American's London." * * * And we hear that *Ethel Barrymore* may appear in the dramatization of *John Erskine's* "Helen of Troy," which *Winthrop Ames* is doing. * * * In the autumn a new novel will come from *May Sinclair.* Its title is "Far End." * * * You can buy *Leon Trotzky's* "Whither Russia" of the International Publishers at 381 Fourth Avenue. * * * A few writers in America make so much money out of fiction that the youngster is apt to think the rewards of creative writing are almost sure to mount up considerably after a few years. * * * Such is all too seldom the case. * * * It is usually a long road and a hard one. * * * As we have glanced through it, we think we can safely say that the actualities of publishing—and editorial—offices are set forth in this volume without any buncombe. * * * What advice is given is based on thorough experience and is full of sense. * * * In collaboration with *Grant Overton, Michael Joseph* has produced "The Commercial Side of Literature," a book about how to sell the things you write. It comes from Harpers. * * * It is a better book than most of its kind we should say. * * * Want a thriller? Well, you doubtless know the work of *Edgar Wallace.* * * * In "The Terrible People" (Doubleday), Wallace provides something that may, if you are delicately constituted, keep you up nights. * * * How come that the prosecuting counsel, the judge, and the hangman who hanged one Clay Shelton, world-famous murderer, all died within three months after his hanging? And who were The Terrible People mentioned in the murderer's final curse? * * * We guess that will hold you! * * * Such books as "Catherine the Great," and "Peter the Czar" have recently aroused interest in the early life of the Russian Empire. Well, "The Ninth Thermidor" (Knopf), lately published, translated from the Russian of *M. A. Aldanov* by *A. E. Chamot,* finds part of an historical trilogy, which embraces the period between the years 1793 and 1821. * * * The concluding part of "The Thinker," which is the name of the trilogy has already appeared in a French magazine. * * * The general title is taken from the chimæra "Le Penseur" (otherwise "Le Diable Penseur") which is on the summit of the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris. * * * Another of those college novels, this time the story of a girl's college career at a mid-western State university, is "Co-Ed," by *Olive Deane Hormel* (Scribners). * * * *Haldane MacFall,* who gave us "The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer" has produced one of the best of Oriental novels, a tale of Eleventh Century Persia, called "The Three Students." * * * *Herbert S. Gorman's* "Notations for a Chimæra" is published by Milton I. D. Einstein, at 295 Fifth Avenue. This is a limited edition of one hundred copies, with designs by Mary Small. * * * Gorman's poetry has a fragile and subtle distinction entirely its own. He achieves some striking effects. * * * Let's go fishing,—but probably you know far more about brook and brown trout than we do. * * * If so, and you're off to meadow, brook, river or lake, take along *Edward Ringwood Hewitt's* "Telling on the Trout." * * * This is not a manual of fishing, as Mr. Hewitt explains, "but the answer my study and experience give to some questions that linger with the tried and true fisherman." * * * And Mr. Hewitt has had fifty years' experience. All fishermen may well value his contribution to the lore of the trout. * * * We haven't been reading the novel by the author of "Flaming Youth" now running serially in the new *McClure's,* which has burst out into such a great picture magazine, but we *did* read an instalment or so of *Cyril Hume's* new novel, "The Golden Dancer," which is running serially in, of *all* periodicals, *College Humor.* * * * And we were much taken with it. * * * We shall be back across the bounding wave now almost before you know it,—in fact, owing to our own air-mail,—viz. the Tasmanian carrier-pigeons we specially bred and trained ourselves before setting forth on our travels,—we'll bet you have hardly noticed that we were gone. * * * We *have* been, though; and sometimes pretty far gone. * * * But every week we tucked a little packet wrapped in oilskin under the wing of one of our carriers and loosed the dainty bird from the Eiffel Tower. * * * Cables from the office promptly apprised us of his arrival—or her's; for one of these pretty fowl we named Mary, because,—er that was her name. * * * And she flew faster than any of the gentlemen. * * * She's a high-flier, is Mary. * * * Well anyway, that's how our copy got to the printer every week. * * * If you doubt it write our old friend *P. E. G. Quercus* about it. * * * He knows, because he's been sending us bulletins of how the trade winds were blowing. * * * Now, Joris, stand still, while we attach this week's *Nest* to your pennate fringe! * * * Joris is the fastest of the gentlemen pigeons. * * * *Houpla,* there you go, Joris! * * * Tell all the crowds at Forty-second Street (and incidentally *George M. Cohan*) that we will soon be there!

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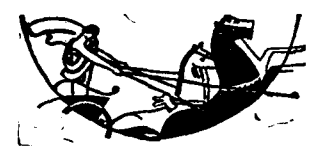

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